

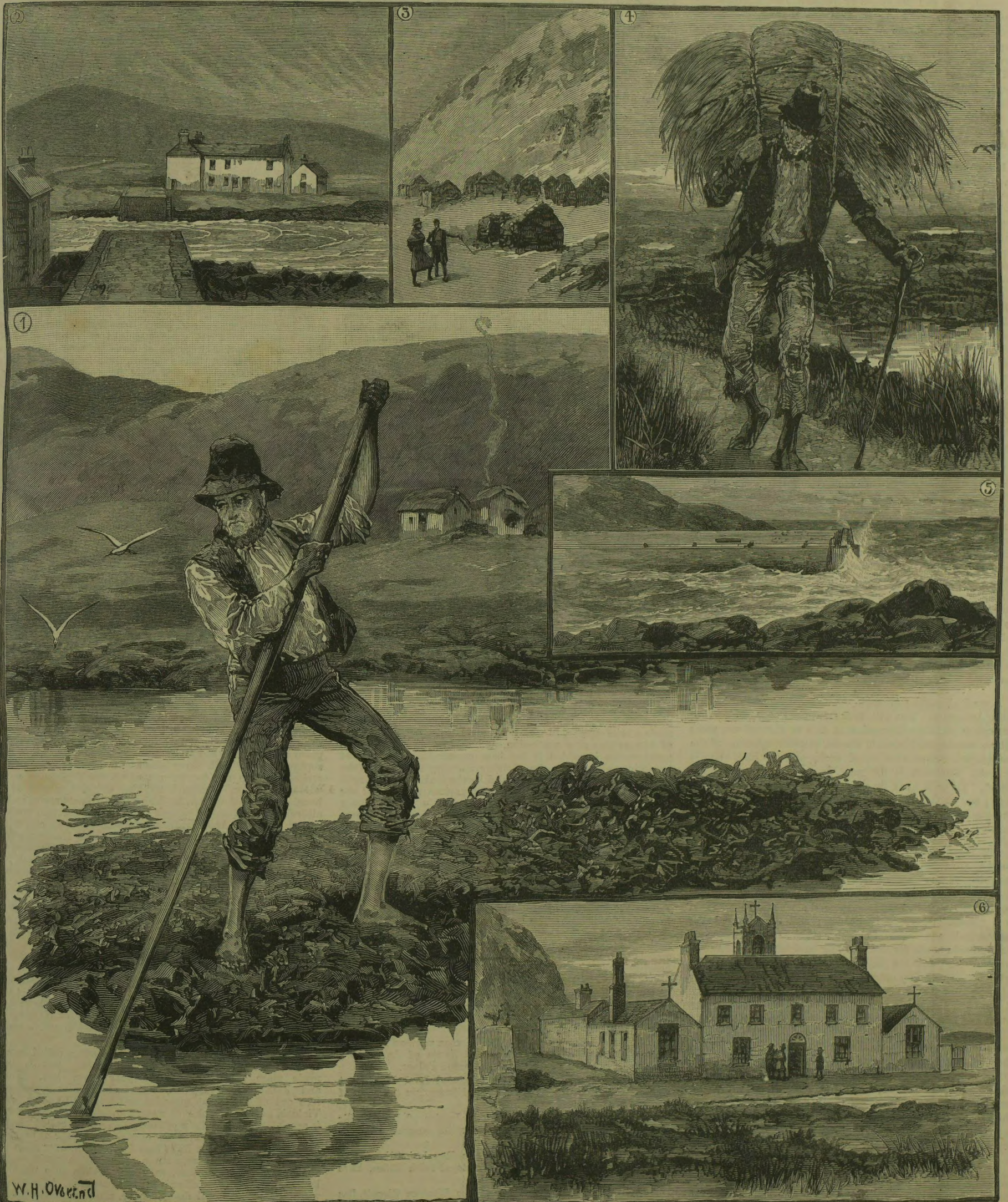
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



1. Bringing ashore a mass of floating seaweed.

2. The Sound, between Achill Island and the mainland of Mayo.

3. Ruined cabins, Achill Island.

4. Carrying hay-sward to a remote district.

5. Fishing pier, built for the Earl of Cavan.

6. Monastery and Schoolhouse, Achill, where Relief Committee met.

THE DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

ECHOES FROM AFAR.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

(Continued from last week.)

CALCUTTA, MARCH 1.

There is a capital bookstall in the grand marble corridor of the Great Eastern Hotel, Calcutta, where you can obtain the newest English books and periodicals at prices very slightly above those which you would pay in England. For example, at the stall in question I bought *Punch* for Jan. 30; but, when I tried to open it, I found that its outer edges were secured by a little metallic ring-bolt, or eyelet-hole, with a crab or *punaise* attachment. "Why this cestus of Aglaë, this girdle of Aphrodite, this fountain sealed?" I asked the intelligent native who ministered at the stall. He made answer: "He catchy-catch put there, prevent Sahib open *Punch*. Look him, cartoon. Read him. Laugh him. No buy him. Walk away. Smoke cheroot. Tell *Punch* joke friend."

There was a terribly subtle estimate of the depths of human depravity in the intelligent native's suggestion that the Sahib who had fraudulently perused *Punch* would not only walk away, cynically smoking his cheroot, but would unblushingly impart the choicest of the *façtæ* of your contemporary to his friends. But there is such a thing as the *mens conscia recti*. Remorse, unlike Morality (in the "Dunciad"), has not "unawares expired." In the early history of *Punch*, there is an instance of an anonymous individual who sent threepence in stamps to the publisher as Conscience Money, he having read the whole of the current number as displayed in the office window in Fleet-street.

In the third week in January in the present year, the P. and O. steamer *Massilia*, Captain Shallard, on board which great argosy I was a passenger, on her way from Sydney to Colombo, via Melbourne and King George's Sound, touched at Glenelg, to take in passengers and mails. Glenelg is a charming watering-place, with a hospitable municipality, and a worthy Mayor, about six miles from Adelaide. We were some eight or nine hours off Glenelg. The majority of the *Massilia's* passengers went ashore, and ran up by rail to Adelaide for a jaunt; but I remained on board, and read the *Adelaide Observer*, a very interesting weekly budget, which seems about three times as voluminous as our *Field*; and the *Süd Australische Zeitung*. There must be five or six thousand German colonists in South Australia alone, where they are, as they universally approve themselves to be throughout the colonies, industrious, capable, and reputable citizens; working indefatigably, and prospering greatly; waxing fat, but abstaining from kicking. In Adelaide, the German community have not only their newspaper, but their club—a capital club, with a large and handsome hall for amateur dramatic performances and smoking concerts.

I did not land at Glenelg: not because the heat was intense and the thermometer standing at something like ninety degrees in the shade. At Melbourne, on New Year's Eve, the temperature had reached a hundred and nine; and at noon the streets were swept by a horrible hot wind-and-dust storm—a "brickfielder," the Victorians call it. I used to know and shudder at it, in a sandy form, in Algeria, in 1865. It comes there on the wings of the *sirocco* from the Sahara. I went not on shore for the simple reason that I had too many friends in Adelaide, to say nothing of Glenelg and Port Adelaide, Mount Lofty, Mount Barton, and Gawler. The pleasant clubs, the cheery dinners, the drives, the afternoon teas, the lively, amicable, cultured women, the sparkling, friendly, affectionate life! It is an odd way, you may opine, of showing your gratitude to give the go-by to friends whose kindness to you was unremitting. But gratitude was never in my line.

A word about the unemployed at Adelaide and elsewhere at the Antipodes. You will hear from time to time alarming rumours of extreme depression in this or that colony, great distress among the labouring classes, monster meetings of the unemployed, demands for relief works, and the like. Be not deceived. Australia is the most prosperous country under heaven. There is work there for everybody who can and will work; and the working man gets a larger amount of wages for a small amount of toil than in any country that I have travelled in, or wot of.

But there come, from time to time, seasons when commodities are a drug in the market, and everything is down. The prices of wood, copper, wheat, or tallow rule low; people have speculated excessively in "town lots," and building operations are momentarily suspended; where there should be a "Boom" there is Depression; and meetings of the unemployed are held, to insist that the Government shall provide work for the starving proletarians. They are not starving; and the distress of which they complain is strictly relative. If you were to offer these men work at four shillings a day they would scornfully reject it. Every man Jack of them could get work, at ample wages, if they chose to go up country or to migrate to other colonies. Example: Shortly before I left Australia, there was a great strike for higher wages among the lumpers, or wharf labourers, at Melbourne. The Victorian shipowners sent to Adelaide to see if they could import some labour thence. A meeting of the unemployed was held at Adelaide; and the shipowners' offer was rejected, with contemptuous cries of "We won't go!" Mem.: Read Louis Blanc on the Organisation of Labour, and then read what came of the National Workshops movement, after the Revolution of February, 1848.

All Calcutta is delighted at the news of the brilliant oratorical success achieved in the House of Commons by Sir Richard Temple, some time Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. His exceptionally shining qualities are unreservedly recognised by all Anglo-Indians; but when to rare administrative abilities and an immense experience of affairs, both Indian and Imperial, are added the ready and persuasive eloquence with which Sir

Richard Temple is gifted, the value of such an acquisition to our home Legislature will be fully appreciated. Sir Richard, we learn, has already captured the eye of the Speaker, and the ear of the House. I hope that the gentlemen in the gallery will do him ample justice. In the next Conservative Administration—if those wicked Liberals have not already been turned out of their ill-gotten office: "three acres and a cow": Oh, fie! to deceive poor Hodge so!—Sir Richard Temple will doubtless play an important part. So should Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P. for Canterbury. A true blue Conservative he, out in New South Wales. And how sorry I am to learn that Sir Samuel Wilson did not get in for Bucks. A typical and traditional Tory for you there.

G. A. S.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Alice and the infant Duke of Albany, left Buckingham Palace at one o'clock on Thursday week, and arrived at Windsor Castle at two o'clock. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty in the evening. Professor Max Müller, who arrived at the castle in the evening, and presented to her Majesty a copy of the first series of the "Sacred Books of the East," had the honour of being invited. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Countess of Erbach Schoenberg arrived at the castle from London. Mr. and Mrs. Goschen arrived at Windsor Castle on Friday evening, and dined with the Queen. Lady Brooke was also included in the Royal dinner party. The Queen attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor on Sunday morning. The Dean of Windsor officiated. This being the second anniversary of the death of the Duke of Albany, the Queen and Royal family visited the Albert memorial chapel in the course of the day. The Duke of Connaught visited her Majesty in the afternoon. On Monday the Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Countess of Erbach Schoenberg, paid a brief visit to the metropolis for the purpose of seeing the Duchess of Connaught.

The concert which was to have been given at Windsor Castle by the choir of St. Anne's, Soho, on Thursday week, and which was deferred in consequence of the prolongation of her Majesty's stay in the metropolis, will take place next Tuesday, and will be attended by the Queen and several members of the Royal family.

The Queen has intimated her intention of opening the Colonial and Indian Exhibition on Tuesday, May 4.

An official intimation has been received by the Mayor of Liverpool stating that it is the Queen's intention to visit that city on or about May 11. Her Majesty will arrive from Windsor at noon, and will visit, during the day, the principal sights of the city, including the river and the International Exhibition. On the following day the Queen will make another progress through the city, and will leave for Windsor at two o'clock. Her Majesty will be the guest of the Corporation, at the Judges' Lodges, Newsham Park. It is thirty-five years since the Queen last visited Liverpool.

Mr. Kettlewell, of New Leeds, Yorkshire, who has interested himself in a proposed local celebration of the Queen's jubilee, has received a letter from Sir Henry Ponsonby stating that the Queen decided, some time ago, that the event should not be celebrated until after the fiftieth anniversary of her accession—namely, on June 20, 1887.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, visited the studios of Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Boehm, on Saturday. His Royal Highness attended a trustees' meeting at the National History Museum on the same day. Accompanied by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Walsingham, the Earl of Crawford, Sir John Lubbock, and other trustees, the Prince closely examined the collection of birds in the corridors on the upper floor. He inspected the statue of Sir Joseph Banks, recently removed from the Museum at Bloomsbury, as well as the collections of comparative anatomy now in course of preparation in the Index Museum in the hall; and performed the ceremony of opening the new Entomological Gallery adjoining the new Fish Saloon on the ground floor of the building. Professor W. H. Flower, the director of the Museum, explained the collections to his Royal Highness. In the evening the Prince, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge, were guests at the annual dinner given by the Institution of Civil Engineers, of which the former and the latter are hon. members. The dinner took place in the hall of Lincoln's Inn, and was attended by about 300 gentlemen, Sir F. Bramwell presiding. The Prince made a brief speech, in which he dwelt upon the importance of the engineering profession, and alluded to some of the great works in which it has been concerned. The Duke of Cambridge also spoke. On Monday morning the Prince (the Executive President), accompanied by the Duke of Connaught (a Royal Commissioner), visited the various sections of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen (the secretary of the Royal Commission) received their Royal Highnesses, and conducted them over the building. The Prince, attended by Colonel Ellis and Lord Arthur Somerset, left Euston Station by special train at 11.25 a.m. on Tuesday, to be present at the Military Steeplechases at Aylesbury. It is announced that the Prince will not be able to open the Edinburgh International Exhibition. The Princess, with her daughters, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, visited Exeter on Tuesday afternoon, and was entertained by the Bishop at his palace. The Royal visitors were conducted over the cathedral by the Dean, and attended the afternoon service, returning to Torquay by the Flying Dutchman. Considerable crowds assembled to see the Princess, who was everywhere heartily cheered.

No further bulletins are to be issued concerning the Duchess of Connaught, who continues to improve in health steadily.

Mr. Gladstone was, on Tuesday, elected President of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution.

The Earl of Mar and the Earl of Morton were on Thursday week elected representatives in the House of Lords at a meeting of Scottish Peers held in Holyrood Palace.

Viscount Hampden has been appointed Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Sussex, in the room of the late Earl of Chichester.

After ten years' service as Chief Justice of Bengal, Sir Richard Garth has been compelled to retire on account of ill-health.

General Sir R. J. Dacres, of the Royal Artillery, and General Sir J. Michel, Colonel of the Royal Irish Rifles, have been promoted to be Field-Marschals.

Sir G. Sherston Baker, Bart., of the Western Circuit, has been appointed to the Recordership of Helston, in succession to the late Mr. G. F. Speke.

By letters patent under the Great Seal, the Queen has appointed Mr. William Mackintosh, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, one of her Majesty's Counsel learned in the Law.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Queen looked bright and well when I, from the window of a Pall-mall club, saw her going to the laying of the Medical Hall foundation-stone. I was sorry to observe how comparatively wearied and worn she seemed as she passed through the park on her return, an hour later. The bonnet which her Majesty wore was singularly old-fashioned; she must have the shape made on purpose for her, for assuredly no shop now keeps such a hood-like chapeau, flat on the top, fitting close down to the cheeks, and just showing the band of hair (so white now, above the Royal brow!) on the front of the head. The parasol which the Queen carried was a square one, edged with black lace. How could all the reporters of the daily papers mistake the Duke of Connaught, in the Queen's carriage, for Prince Henry of Battenberg? Prince Henry is not (yet) an English Brigade-General, with medals galore.

The Dress Reformers' field-day at Westminster was in every way successful. About four hundred ladies were present; and, I believe, we each wished that we could feel sure that we looked quite as nice as did the ladies in their divided dresses. The platform was occupied by the President, Viscountess Harborton; Mrs. Pfeiffer, the poetess; Mrs. Thomas Taylor, of Aston Rowant House, Oxon; Miss B. Taylor, a Girton graduate of some two-and-twenty summers; Miss Holland, the thirteen-year-old daughter of the late member for Brighton; Mrs. Oscar Wilde, and Mrs. Fenwick Miller—all but the last named wearing "Rational" dresses. Mrs. Fenwick Miller, having on a brown silk and velvet dress, duly supported with steels at the back, and a close-fitting bodice, began her speech by saying that she supposed she was on the platform as "the awful example." The other ladies' dresses all hung close to their figures in the natural folds of unsupported draperies, over "divided" skirts, and their bodices were all of the loose kinds that offer least temptation to tight lacing.

Mrs. Pfeiffer's dress, on her tall, elegant figure, was received by the assembled ladies with absolute enthusiasm; it was a kind of Greek drapery of grey, beginning on the shoulders, confined by a silver waistbelt, and worn above a rich chesnut-brown satin bodice and divided skirt. Lady Harborton's dress was a black broché, with long tunic, and loose-fronted bodice with blouse plastron. Mrs. Thomas Taylor's gown was remarkably pretty—a soft Indian silk, terra-cotta coloured, with long fashionable draperies over a kilted "divided" skirt; a slightly pleated bodice and waist-belt of the same. Miss B. Taylor's dress was a box-pleated grey tweed, with Norfolk jacket; and Miss Holland's a sort of full trousers, fastened round just below the knee, of blue and gold stripes, with blue velvet Spanish jacket, and yellow silk loose vest.

I believe the Rational Dressers are perfectly right in their fundamental points. Our present clothing is too heavy, yet does not give adequate protection to the person. It hinders us from taking sufficient active exercise, and offers us no other remedy for the chills and congestions that it thus produces than heaping on a yet greater weight of dabbling, useless petticoats. The true principle of dressing must be to clothe each limb separately. But I am not, for all this, a believer in the "divided skirt"—a yard wide for each leg and frilled round the bottom—which is awkward to fasten, and which only seems to me to add dabbling *between* the ankles to the present worry of dabbling *behind* them on wet or windy days.

The best way to reform one's attire, the most effectual as well as unobtrusive, is to wear proper under-clothing. A Jaeger wool combination down to the ankles and wrists, double-breasted and high-throated, with at most one petticoat and the dress over it, is perfect comfort and lightness for winter; and for summer either the same in a thinner variety, or one of Peter Robinson's mingled silk and wool vests, or pure silk, for those skins which cannot bear the wool in hot weather: this is true rational dress. It is being adopted, too, far more generally amongst ladies of the cultivated classes than many persons suppose.

For spring gowns, stripes carry all before them—either made up in combination with plain to match, or, in two or more colours, composing the entire costume. If, however, you want to show yourself quite up with the fashions, you must select a fabric which has a general effect of being striped, but which, on a little closer inspection, is seen really to have a checked groundwork, the striped look being given either by emphasising one of the lines, or by interweaving some separate material. Most of the stripes, indeed, are not merely the work of the dyer, but are formed by either a bouclé stripe or an entirely different fabric being woven on a plain groundwork. Thus, some plush striped zephyrs, which I saw amongst a number of other distinguished-looking and new things at Howell and James's, have a very rich effect, produced without heaviness, by a zephyr ground having on it narrow stripes of bouclé plush in three shades. One was a navy ground with plush stripes of three reds; and another a beige zephyr ground, with three shades of dark brown in plush stripes. These are to be made up with plain to match. "Bourette crêpe," again, a washing crêpe, has very lumpy bouclé stripes of cotton, in dark green, fawn, brown, and red alternately on a reseda ground; and blue, pink, and white on a buff ground. Another form of these washing crêpes has two-inch squares formed of coloured bouclé lines on a plain ground, a design which is certainly coming into use, and which I saw repeated at Peter Robinson's in five-inch plaid silks of the brightest colours, but which will only commend itself at present to ladies who like their dress to be noticed as the "latest thing."

Cotton crêpes will be very much made up for morning, garden-party, and tennis dresses, the taste for rough surfaces not having yet gone by. The woollen materials for spring show the same tendency, even quite thin fabrics looking rough, and many being actually bouclé or frisé. Velvet, as contrasting beautifully with such rough surfaces, is to be much employed, both as underskirts and pantes and other parements. A strong, handsome, and cheap new form of the well-known "Nonpareil" is included in a large press selection of patterns, all new and pretty, from Chapman, of Notting-hill. It is called "cord de la reine," and is an effective striped velvet, in black and a number of colours.

Our old friend, canvas-lace, as it is often called now, is to the fore again, in all sorts of wool, but is being made more substantially this year than last. Howell and James, for instance, have made a very effective lace out of the same material as their well-known Queen Victoria mohair, which will wear, I should think, for ever. It is specially pretty in the new blue-green colour, called "metal." The canvas or lace idea is carried this year into cotton fabrics, too, and has a light look for drapery, over plain stuff to match. Tufted lawns, with a stripe which contrasts with the groundwork in colour, regularly broken into plain and bouclé portions, are effective; and delaines, batistes, and washing silks in floral designs have, after all, so clean a look that they are not to be ousted from the field altogether by the greater novelties just indicated. For real fashion, however, you must have a stripe or fine check, three colours or more in the design, with lace or plain to match; and crêpe, canvas, and zephyr are the leading materials.

F. F. M.

THE SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

Mr. Tooth relies chiefly upon foreign artists to provide attractions which may compete on equal terms with the more purely national exhibitions of the season; and it must be admitted that taste and judgment have presided over the selection brought together. M. Lhermitte has seldom been seen in greater strength than in his charming composition "Haytime" (103), a group of peasants worthy of Jules Breton; and M. E. De Blaas' "Rivals" (63), two Italian peasant girls, beside whom is lounging a young man in a scarlet flannel shirt, is as powerful a bit of painting as this accomplished artist has ever produced. The drawing of the three figures is excellent, but the skilful way in which the brilliant colouring is introduced, without the least effort or jar, is worthy of the highest praise. The Munich school, with its strong but somewhat hard work, is represented by Herr Eisenhut's "Driving a Bargain" (38), and his "Tartar School at Baku" (60); K. Dery's "Memories of the Past," the interior of a Bavarian wirthaus; whilst the followers of Meissonier and Seiler are represented by Carl Schrotter's "Writing a Despatch" (32), J. Discart's "Waiting for Orders" (40), and, above all, by a very remarkable work, W. Velten's "Bavarian Horse Fair" (41), delicate in colour and spirited in composition. In specimens of Italian and Spanish contemporary art the exhibition is well provided; and, although Signor Barbudo's "Connoisseurs" (56) may not be the most successful example of the school of Fortuny, it is the most interesting and most ambitious. The scene is a painter's studio, in which is tumbled in artistic confusion everything which can attract the eye or give colour to the room. The obvious fault of the picture is its want of balance; the mass of draperies thrown together at one end of the room completely eclipsing the personages who should first attract the eye. Professor Sorbi is represented by a group outside an Italian *ristoratore*, entitled "Strolling Players" (13), and Senet by two Venetian sketches, of which that "On the Lido" (89) is the more striking and original. These deservedly popular artists are, however, hard pressed by several newcomers, among whom should be specially mentioned G. Favretto, with his "Market Day" (84) at Venice, and H. Ethopfer with his "Viva, Garibaldi," two schoolboys scribbling on a white wall this revolutionary aspiration, to the horror of the old priest behind them. A special word of praise should also be accorded to Mr. R. G. Müller's "Door of a Mosque" (86), painted with minute delicacy, and to that of Karl Heffner's "Evening Glow" (59), in spite of its resemblance to so much of his previous work. Among the English artists, Mr. F. Dicksee occupies an important space with his "Romeo and Juliet" (61) in the balcony; but in spite of its merits of draughtsmanship, the colouring seems to us forced and artificial. Mr. G. H. Boughton's "Forget-Me-Not" (62), is the single figure of a girl in white, standing at the pier-head, gazing out to sea. It is very delicate in colour and graceful in pose, but the left arm seems to be somewhat arbitrarily lengthened. Mr. Erskine Nicol's "Under a Cloud" (126) may be advantageously contrasted with Mr. Faed's "Alone" (6), for probably both pictures were painted at least ten years ago, and add to our regret that the former artist has been unable to pursue an art for which he was specially gifted. Mr. Frank Holl's "Faces in the Fire" (49) is an insignificant work, dating from 1878, which may reconcile us to his abandonment of imaginative work for portraiture; while Mr. Heywood Hardy's "Road to the Sands" (26) and Mr. T. Blink's "Voices" (67)—the kennel disturbed—are proofs that the English school of animal-painters has at least two vigorous exponents. In addition to the works enumerated may be mentioned Mr. Atkinson Grimshaw's "Blackman-street, Borough" (8), a very powerful and original conception; Mr. Keeley Halswell's "In the Fens" (48); Mr. H. Macallum's "Scilly Islands" (14); Mr. J. R. Burgess's "In Thought" (46); Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Good Day's Sport" (131); and Mr. Leader's bright but hard landscape, "A Summer's Afternoon" (78); and, among the foreigners, Pasini's "Harem sur le Bosphore" (37), Israel's "Returning from the Boats" (94), and Tessari's "Venetian Girl" (17).

Mr. Wallis's French Gallery (120, Pall-mall) opens this spring with an unusually strong display of foreign works, amongst which those of the Munich school preponderate. The two most noteworthy pictures are Professor L. Loefftz's "Labour of Love" (7), and W. Firl's "Evening Hymn" (130). The former combines the delicacy of Terburg with the luminous brilliancy of Peter De Hooghe. The "Labour of Love" is distinctly an imitative work, representing a Dutch girl, plainly dressed, seated in a simply furnished room, doing some needlework; through the open door one sees into the courtyard, and can thus catch a glimpse of the outside world and its brighter lights. Throughout the picture there is not a trace of hurry or slovenly work, and the artist has his reward in the most successful revival of Dutch art at its best moment. Professor Loefftz's aim may not be the highest ideal of some artists, but the result is such that the most fastidious connoisseur would not be ashamed to hang it among his most favoured specimens. Firl's work, although pitched in a similar simple key, appeals perhaps more strongly to the imagination. Two girls are seated at a very simple-looking piano, one playing, whilst both are singing, having immediately behind them a window of which the blind is half drawn down. Their faces are thus in strange relief, and the artist has been forced to face the difficulties he has created without flinching, and it is only fair to allow that he has fairly conquered them. The expression of the girls' faces is firm without being hard, and the difficulties of the strong light in the background are managed with consummate care. Close by is an ambitious work by a young man, J. V. Krämer, who chooses for his first exhibition work "The Woman taken in Adultery" (119), and by the exercise of careful self-command has produced a work which will bring him into favourable notice. Its chief merit lies in the grouping of the crowd, and the desire to abstain from conveying too much by the faces and attitudes of the principal personages. The colouring is rich without being glaring, and the drawing of almost all the figures excellent. It contrasts strongly with the *bruyant* works of that other talented young painter of the same school, Joanovitz, of whom there are two striking works, "The War Dance" (41) and "The Traitor Tracked" (53)—both scenes from Servian life—and introducing national customs and costumes with picturesque effect. Both works display rather too much straining after mere dramatic effect, but they both show vigour and self-confidence. Among the other larger works which evince specially good qualities are Holmberg's "Princes of the Church" (13), two old Cardinals in a richly-lunged chamber, where the colouring is particularly noteworthy; three landscapes by Heffner—"Repose" (60), an evening effect of wood and water; "Above Romney Lock" (113), a spring pastoral of great delicacy; and a scene in the Austrian Tyrol (123). Julien Dupré is represented by a sunny bit of country life—"Carrying the Hay" (75); and Professor L. C. Müller by a remarkable, bold, simple study, "By the Tideless Sea" (29), in which the colouring is very strong and effective. In cabinet pictures,

Mr. Wallis's collection is especially strong, Seiler's "Rare Proof" (47) and "Writing his Leader" (48) comparing for exquisite finish and humour with Meissonier's "Sommell" (46) and "Le Fumeur" (50). Velten is as clever as usual in his animated and finished sketches of German country life, "The Horse Market" (84) and "Going to the Fair" (90). Eastern life is represented by Professor C. L. Müller's "Peace be with You" (11)—an Arab at the door of a mosque—and Gerome's "Prayer" (135); and the joys of child-life finds worthy translation in "Dolly's Sick" (83), by E. Frère, and "Dolly's Dinner" (89), by H. Dargelas; whilst its sorrows, and "The Grief that does not Speak" (63), are rendered by Josef Israels with a delicacy his touch has long since lost.

DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

There is extreme distress still prevailing in Ireland; but it is confined to the western parts, towards the Atlantic; especially to Mayo, Galway, Kerry in the south, and Donegal in the north; it is worst in those wild tracts of barren country, bog and rock and mountain, where a bleak and rainy climate, with sweeping storms from the ocean, forbids agriculture, starves the poor forlorn Celtic peasantry with cold and hunger, and oppresses their hearts with perpetual despair; while the fisheries, which should yield ample subsistence, are difficult and perilous in those tempestuous bays and inlets, from the want of proper boats and of artificial harbours and piers; and the want of roads shuts them up in remote corners of the coast, lonely sufferers, barely kept alive, secluded from the general traffic and social intercourse of the United Kingdom.

A good man, a Quaker, Mr. James H. Tuke, of Hitchin, Hertfordshire, banker, has been endeavouring these forty years past to relieve their distress. In the time of the great Irish famine, in the dreadful years 1846 and 1847, he, with the late William Forster, whose son, the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., accompanied his father, travelled through Connaught and Donegal, with funds and stores provided by the "Society of Friends." The record of their mission of mercy is terribly interesting. In the winter of 1879, which we all recollect, when the Duchess of Marlborough and the Lord Mayor of Dublin raised separate relief funds, a committee for the same purpose was formed in London. Mr. Tuke again went forth upon this Christian errand; and we advise our readers to procure, from Mr. Ridgeway, of Piccadilly, the publisher, his pamphlet, "Irish Distress and its Remedies" (1880), which is a plain and precise account, in minute detail, of the actual state of the people in the counties of Donegal, Mayo, and Western Galway, with impartial suggestions for the improvement of their condition. He afterwards undertook the management of an emigration scheme, the committee for which, presided over by the Duke of Bedford, included the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, Mr. W. E. Forster, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Mr. W. Rathbone, Mr. Arnold Morley, Mr. Sydney Buxton, and Mr. Howard Hodgkin. With the two last-named gentlemen, who were honorary secretaries, and with Major Gaskell and Captain Rutledge Fair, he worked in 1883, assisted by Lord Spencer's Government, and sent out, altogether, above six thousand emigrants, some from Galway (Clifden and Oughterard), some from Belmullet, Achill, and the Newport Union, in Mayo. The Lord Lieutenant witnessed the embarkation of a party of them in Blacksod Bay. The reports of this committee show the careful arrangements for their settlement in Canada and the United States, and for the disposal of their holdings in Ireland. Mr. and Mrs. Tuke, accompanied by Captain Rutledge Fair and Sir Henry Lawrence, are now again in Mayo, visiting the islands on that coast, where the bad yield of potatoes last year, the low price of cattle, and the failure of numbers of people, who annually come over to England or Scotland for harvest work, to obtain employment, have reduced them to absolute destitution. He is commissioned merely, upon this occasion, to distribute a certain quantity of the best seed potatoes, "Scotch Champions," for the planting of the present season.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Claude Byrne, arrived on Monday, the 15th ult., in the Isle of Achill, in company with the Special Correspondent of the *Irish Times*, after a long night journey, with some peril, from Westport, above thirty miles over rough roads, in fierce weather, on an open car, which was overturned in a snowdrift. The correspondent's narrative and descriptive letters, in the *Irish Times* of the 17th and 25th ult., are full of interest, but we have not space to quote them. It must suffice to give the information required for understanding the subjects of Mr. Byrne's Sketches.

A glance at the map of Ireland will show that Achill, which is by far the largest of the islands, containing 35,283 acres, lies close to the mainland of Mayo; a drawbridge over the Sound has been talked of. It is comprised in the Newport Poor-Law Union, the Irish unions being often of vast extent. The population of Achill is about 7000, and nearly 6000 are now dependent on relief grants or charity. The Protestant clergyman, the Rev. John Bolton Greer, and the Catholic priest, the Rev. Father P. O'Connor, are striving together, as Christian ministers should, to help the suffering people. Mr. Alfred Horn, resident magistrate of Westport; Mr. T. H. Croly, medical officer in Achill; and Mr. Peter Lavelle, relieving officer, are also to be mentioned. The local Relief Committee holds its meetings in the school-house attached to the monastery of the lay Order of St. Francis, "who, by the way, are doing excellent religious work in the island." They were joined on Friday, the 12th ult., by Mr. Tuke and his companions, when Mr. Tuke explained his plans, undertaking to give half a ton of seed potatoes each among 750 peasant families. A promise is exacted, in every case, that the potatoes shall be used for planting, and those who know the character of the people feel sure that, hungry as they are, their promises will be faithfully kept. One sad proof of distress is that, during the past winter, many have been compelled, now and then, to eat, perhaps, two or three potatoes in a day, after long abstinence, of their own which had been reserved for seed.

Hundreds of families in Achill have no food but the small doles of Indian corn-meal which are given them, and their low condition has brought on a peculiar type of disease. Their huts or cabins are wretched, with scarcely any furniture; and they are scantily clothed in rags. Rye is the only grain that can be produced from the soil in most districts, and the last crop was very poor; milk is very scarce, except in summer. Mr. Tuke has inspected the sites for the construction of piers at Doega and Doagah, and of a harbour at Keel, to aid the fisheries; but the men, who are brave enough, and skilful, have no tackle or nets, and their frail boats, like coracles, made of tarred canvas on a light framework, called "pooceans," are unfit to contend with the sea. Plenty of fish—salmon, turbot, and cod, with lobsters and eels—might be taken on these shores. The collection of seaweed, to be burnt for kelp, formerly brought a little money; but this trade has fallen off. Seaweed is also dried over the fire, and used for the improvement of the soil on bog-land. The kind they call "slocuan" is now too often used as food; but the limpets gathered from the rocks, in sufficient quantity, would yield better nourishment.

The small islands of Inishboffin ("Inish" means an island) and Shark, though belonging to Mayo, are nearer the coast of Galway, being seven miles from the village of Cleggan, on the mainland. The landlord is Mr. Cyril Allies, who owns many other rock islets, some uninhabited. There are also Inishturk, and Clare Island, opposite Clew Bay. The population of Inishboffin is about 1200—or 200 families. Mr. Allies, who is an Englishman, lives there great part of the year, and has been co-operating with the parish priest, the Rev. Martin Colleran, and with the dispensary doctor, Mr. T. Kean, in efforts to relieve distress. A fishing-pier is nearly completed, which has given work and wages to some of the men. Inishboffin seemed even nearer to starvation than Achill; but the arrival, on the 25th, of H.M.S. Banterer, one of three gun-boats, the Orwell and the Seahorse being the others, sent by the Government to this part of the Irish coast, with supplies of meal and potatoes, was a happy reprieve. In our Artist's Sketch of this scene, the vessel is entering between the rocks; her boat is putting off to land; the people are cheering; on the hill above is their little chapel; behind it, hung in a high timber frame, is "the chapel bell."

The Queen has commanded Mr. Hutchinson, R.S.A., of Edinburgh, to execute a bust in marble of the late Principal Tulloch.

The Earl of Pembroke has arranged with the tenant of a holding near Salisbury, for twenty acres to be given up for the purposes of allotments.

The polling for the Altrincham Division of Cheshire yesterday week resulted in the return of Sir W. C. Brooks (C.) by a majority of 583 over Mr. Leadam (L.).

Dr. M'Alister was consecrated as Roman Catholic Bishop of Down and Connor, at Belfast on Sunday, in succession to the late Dr. Dorrigan.

The Viceroy of Ireland and Lady Aberdeen intend to give a garden party early in May, at which it is desired that the ladies shall be attired in peasant costume of Irish manufacture, and the gentlemen in suits of native production.

Mr. William Mitchell Ramsay, M.A., Fellow of Exeter and Lincoln Colleges, Oxford, and Lincoln Professor of Classical Archaeology and Art, has been appointed Professor of Humanity in the University of Aberdeen.

By the decision of the election Judges at Norwich Mr. Harry Bullard, Conservative, who was returned at the head of the poll last November, was unseated. Their Lordships declined, however, to allow the petitioners' expenses, on the ground that the petition was overloaded and oppressive, only very few out of more than two hundred alleged offences being proved.

Nine schools were represented at the annual field-day of the volunteers belonging to the principal public schools of England, held on Thursday week on the Fox Hills, near Aldershot. Colonel Moncrieff, of the Scots Guards, acted as chief umpire, and General Sir Archibald Alison was among those who witnessed the operations. The volunteers, many of them young lads, created a most favourable impression.

At a book sale in Edinburgh, on Monday, two commonplace books, containing MSS. of Burns, caused a keen competition. One of the volumes brought 310 guineas, and the other 270 guineas. A Kilmarnock edition of Burns's poems, dated 1786, sold for eighty guineas, and another copy of the poet's works, of which only fifty had been originally printed, realised forty-seven guineas.

The Board of Trade have awarded their silver medal to Mr. Henry Spindler, master of the *Corisande*, of Grimsby, and their bronze medal to George Bolden and Richard Margham, two of his crew, for their gallant services in manning their boat in a very heavy sea, and rescuing the master and two of the crew of the *Rifleman*, of Guernsey, on Jan. 21 last. The Board have also granted rewards to the two seamen.

The programme for April at the Royal Victoria Hall Coffee Tavern, Waterloo Bridge-road, announces that the successful operatic tableaux concerts, alternating with ballad concerts, will be continued on Thursdays. The first two science lectures in April will be given on Tuesday, April 6, by Mr. Trelawney Saunders, on "The British Colonies and Possessions," and on Tuesday, April 13, by Colonel Duncan, M.P., on "First Aid to the Wounded."

Yesterday week the medical profession of Glasgow and West of Scotland unanimously agreed to invite the British Medical Association to hold its annual meeting in Glasgow in 1888, and decided that the Glasgow Town Council, the Merchants' House, the University, the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, and the medical profession in Glasgow and the West of Scotland be requested to co-operate in the invitation. It was also agreed to raise a guarantee fund of £1500.

Mr. W. H. Arber, of Forest View, Leytonstone, requests permission to mention that in 1879, after the death of the Prince Imperial in Zululand, he invented a system of telegraphing or signalling outline drawings, similar to that which we described last week. The vertical lines of the sectional ruled papers were, by his method, to be numbered, instead of being distinguished by alphabetical letters, as the horizontal lines were. Mr. Arber took out a provisional patent.

Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., presided last Saturday afternoon at a gathering of the followers of her Majesty's Buckhounds at Tattersall's Subscription Rooms, when a presentation of silver plate, of the value of £250, was made to the Earl of Cork and Orrery in appreciation of the unvarying courtesy shown by him during three periods of office as Master of the Buckhounds. Lord Suffield (the present Master) and several well-known followers of the hounds were present.

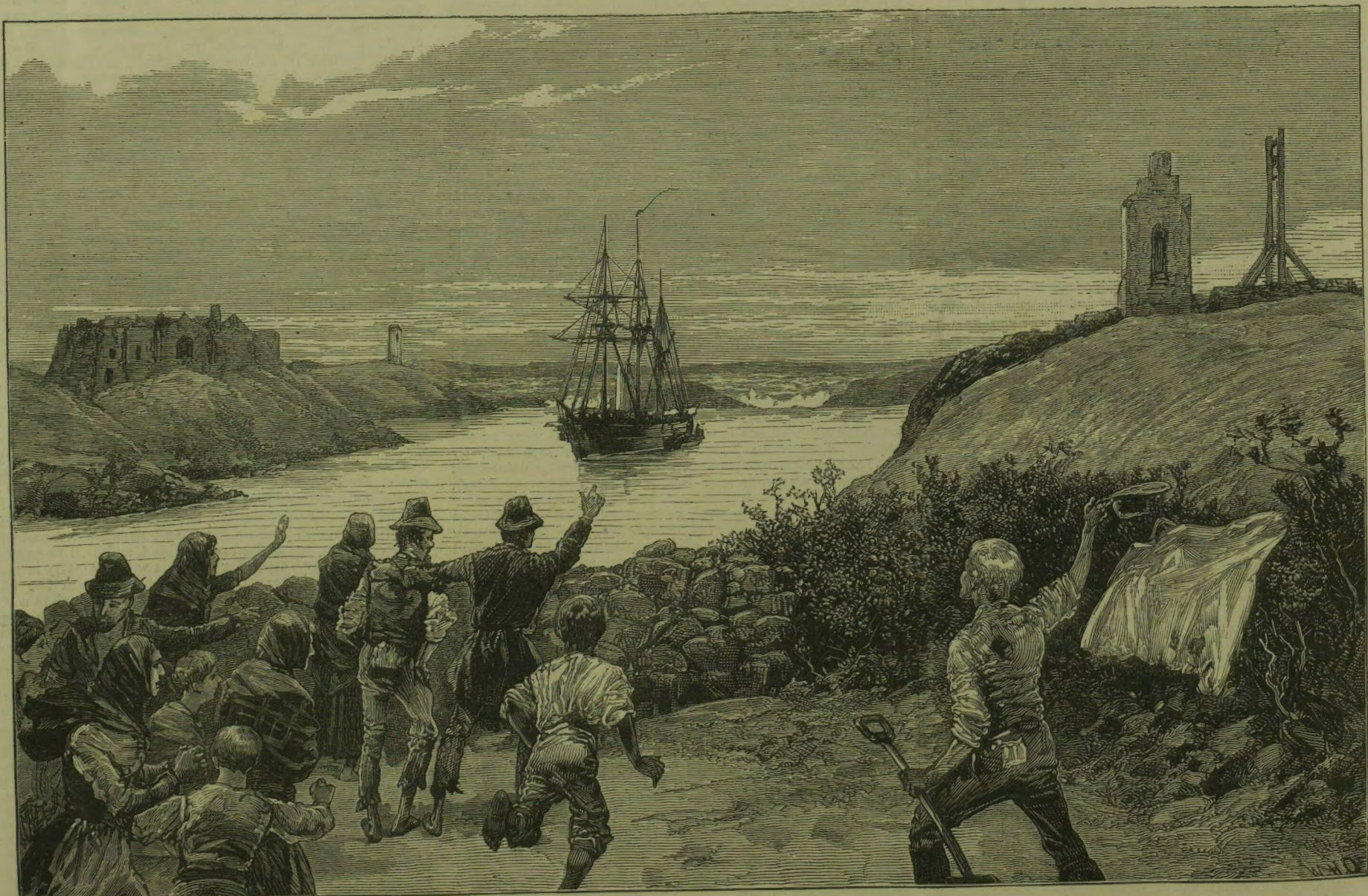
Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson's life-size portrait of Miss Mary Anderson, painted in New York, and shown there, and in the city of Boston, has arrived in England, and will be exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, for which it was originally intended. Miss Anderson is seated in a basket-chair, with her joined hands lying listlessly in her lap. She is attired in a loose-sleeved cream-coloured plush dress, cinched with a pale yellow ribbon. Her thoughtful face is almost in profile, and the subject altogether is treated with much simplicity and sweetness. The artist, it need scarcely be added, is Miss Anderson's "leading man."

The cognoscenti, real or assumed, who thronged the artistic haunts of Kensington and St. John's Wood on Sunday last (Show Sunday) brought back meagre accounts of the countries they went to explore. From Dan to Beersheba, according to the majority, all was barren; but happily we hear from less amateur critics more cheering reports, and there is fair reason to believe, although the Academicians will not muster in force, that the Associates are fairly strong, and that there are numerous promising outsiders who have acquitted themselves well, and give promise of still greater work in the future. Sir J. E. Millais will probably be represented by a single portrait, that of his brother Academician, Mr. Barlow, and Sir F. Leighton by his bronze statue; but on the other hand Mr. F. Holl and Mr. Oulless will, no doubt, deliver their full tale of eight portraits each; and it is even rumoured that the venerable Mr. Herbert will not throw away a single chance of enlisting popular favour, and will be represented by his full quota.

DISTRESS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



COLLECTING SEAWEED AND LIMPETS FOR FOOD ON INISHBOFFIN ISLAND.



ARRIVAL OF THE GUN-BOAT BANTERER AT INISHBOFFIN, WITH MEAL FOR THE STARVING INHABITANTS.

THE VICEROY OF INDIA IN BURMAH: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS FROM MOULLAH ISMAIL AND THE SURATEE COMMUNITY, READ BY MR. MELTON PRIOR.



MANDALAY UNDER BRITISH RULE: STREET SWEEPERS GOING TO WORK.

OBITUARY.

EARL AMHERST.

The right Hon. William Pitt, second Earl Amherst of Aracan, East Indies, Viscount Holmesdale of Holmesdale, and Baron Amherst of Montreal, Kent, died on the 26th ult. He was born Sept. 3, 1805, the second son of William Pitt, first Earl, Ambassador to China, and afterwards Governor-General of India, by Lady Sarah, his first wife, Countess of Plymouth, daughter and coheir of Andrew, Lord Archer. He received his education at Westminster, and graduated Second Class Classics at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1827; and succeeded to the family honours at the death of his father, March 13, 1857. He married, July 12, 1834, Gertrude, sixth daughter of the Hon. and Right Rev. Hugh Percy, Bishop of Carlisle, and had four sons and six daughters. Of the former, the eldest, William Archer, Viscount Holmesdale, summoned to the House of Peers in his father's barony of Amherst, in 1880, was born March 26, 1836, and married, Aug. 27, 1862, Lady Julia Cornwallis, last surviving daughter and heiress of the last Earl Cornwallis, which lady died without issue, Sept. 1, 1883. The nobleman whose decease we record sat as a Conservative, in the unreformed House of Commons, for East Grinstead, 1831 to 1832. His grand-uncle was the General Amherst of the American War, who was made a Field-Marshal, and created Baron Amherst of Montreal, with limitation to his nephew.

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.

The Most Noble Augusta Mary Minna Catherine, Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, died on the 22nd ult. Her Grace was born, Aug. 1, 1821, the youngest daughter of Admiral Lord Lyons, G.C.B., and was married, June 19, 1839, to Henry Granville, fourteenth Duke of Norfolk, by whom, who died Nov. 25, 1860, she had three sons and eight daughters. Of the former, the eldest is the present Duke of Norfolk, K.G., and the third Lord Edmund Bernard Talbot.

COLONEL LANE, OF KING'S BROMLEY.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Henry Bagot Lane, M.A., of King's Bromley Manor, in the county of Stafford, died suddenly, at Lily Hill, Berks, on the 22nd ult. He was born Feb. 24, 1829, the eldest son of the late Mr. John Newton Lane, of King's Bromley, J.P. and D.L., by the Hon. Agnes Bagot, his wife, second daughter of William, second Lord Bagot, and represented the old and well-known family of Lane, of Bentley, so instrumental in saving King Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester. In commemoration, an especial badge of honour—viz., the arms of England in a canton in augmentation of the ancestral coat, and a crest, a strawberry roan horse, bearing between his forelegs the Royal Crown—was conferred on the family. Colonel Lane was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, was a magistrate for Staffordshire and Berks, and was formerly Lieutenant-Colonel Coldstream Guards, with which regiment he served during the latter part of the Crimean War. He married, Jan. 28, 1864, Susan Anne, daughter and coheir of Mr. Henry William Vincent, of Lily Hill, Berks, and leaves three sons and three daughters.

MR. CROSSE, OF SHAW HILL.

Mr. Thomas Bright Crosse, of Shaw Hill, in the county of Lancaster, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1837, and at one time M.P. for Wigan, died on the 21st ult., in his ninety-first year. He was only son of Mr. Thomas Ikin, and changed his name to Crosse on his marriage, in 1828, with Anne Mary Crosse, second daughter of Mr. Richard Crosse, of Shaw Hill. By this lady he leaves issue.

MR. VILLEBOIS, OF MARHAM.

Mr. Henry Villebois, of Belgrave-square, London, Lord of the Manor of Marham, Norfolk, J.P. and D.L., died recently, aged seventy-nine. He resided in the neighbourhood of Sandringham, and enjoyed the personal friendship of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who on several occasions visited Marham, and was constantly in the hunting-field with its proprietor. Mr. Villebois married, in 1831, Maria, elder daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Philip Bagge, of Stradsett, but leaves no issue. His sister, Eve Maria, married the first Viscount Glentworth, of Stoke Newington, and secondly, Colonel Hugh Smith Baillie.

MR. BARNE, OF SOTTERLEY.

Mr. Frederick Barne, of Sotterley and Dunwich, Suffolk, J.P. and D.L., died recently, in his eighty-fifth year. He was only son of the late Colonel Michael Barne, 7th Hussars, M.P. for Dunwich, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. Ayscogh Boucherett, of Wingham, and was formerly Captain in the 12th Lancers. The family was founded by Sir George Barne, Lord Mayor of London, in 1552, and possessed for several generations the pocket borough of Dunwich, for which the gentleman whose decease we record sat from 1830 until its disfranchisement in 1832. He married, Feb. 4, 1834, Mary Anne Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir John Courtenay Honynwood, Bart., and had two sons and two daughters. The elder son, Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick St. John Newdigate Barne, now of Sotterley and Dunwich, late Scots Guards, for some time M.P. for East Suffolk, married, in 1871, Lady Constance Seymour, daughter of the fifth Marquis of Hertford.

MR. TURNOR, OF STOKE ROCHFORD.

Mr. Christopher Turnor, of Stoke Rochford, Lincolnshire, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1833, and M.P. for South Lincolnshire 1841 to 1847, died on the 7th ult. He was born April 4, 1810, the eldest son of the late Mr. Edmund Turnor, of Stoke Rochford and Panton House, the eminent antiquary, and represented an old Lincolnshire family, derived from Sir Edmund Turnor, the Royalist, who was named one of the Knights of the Royal Oak. The gentleman the subject of this notice was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and entered Parliament in 1841, retiring in 1847. His politics were Conservative. He married, Feb. 2, 1837, Lady Caroline Finch Hatton, daughter of the tenth Earl of Winchelsea, and leaves, with other issue, a son and heir, Edmund, late M.P. for South Lincolnshire, who is married to Lady Mary Katherine Gordon, daughter of the tenth Marquis of Huntly. Mr. Turnor possessed a considerable estate, and was patron of five livings.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Archbishop Trench; whose memoir accompanies his portrait on another page.

Mr. George Richardson, one of the founders of the Manchester Literary Club, on the 23rd ult.

Mr. Samuel Gaskell, late one of the Medical Commissioners in Lunacy, aged seventy-nine.

Mr. George Stinton, of Coupar Angus, Perthshire, the oldest Freemason in Europe, at the age of one hundred and one.

The Rev. Charles Stanford, D.D., a leading Baptist divine and popular preacher.

Dr. Thomas Spencer Cobbold, F.R.S., F.L.S., distinguished in science and medicine, on the 20th ult.

Mr. Edward Walter Bonham, C.B., formerly her Majesty's Consul-General at Naples, on the 15th ult., at the British Consulate, Boulogne, in his seventy-seventh year.

Lieutenant-General Charles Tyrwhitt, C.B., Equerry and Private Secretary to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, Commanding-in-Chief, on the 18th ult.

Lady Somerset (Frances Sarah), widow of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Somerset, K.C.B., K.H., and daughter of Admiral Sir Henry Heathcote, G.C.B., on the 16th ult., aged eighty-three.

Anna Maria, Lady Hare-Clarges, widow of Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Goddard Hare-Clarges, K.C.B., and second daughter of Sir Thomas Buckler Lethbridge, second Baronet, on the 20th ult., aged eighty.

Lady Elizabeth Frederica Drummond, widow of Mr. Andrew Robert Drummond, of Cadlands, Hants, and eldest daughter of the late Duke of Rutland, K.G., on the 20th ult., at Belvoir Castle, aged eighty-four.

The Rev. James Graves, A.B.T.C.D., Incumbent of Inisnag, county of Kilkenny, the well-known antiquary, founder of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society, and Secretary of the Royal Archaeological and Historical Association of Ireland, on the 20th ult., aged seventy.

Mr. Richard Henry Vade-Walpole, D.L., of Freethorpe, Norfolk, on the 16th ult., at Suffolk Hall, Cheltenham, aged eighty-five; he was son of the Rev. Ashton Vade, Chaplain to George IV., when Prince of Wales, by Mary Rachel, his wife, daughter of Mr. Richard Walpole, M.P., nephew of Sir Robert Walpole, K.G., the celebrated Prime Minister.

Maria Theresa, Viscountess Milton, widow of William, Viscount Milton, M.P., eldest son of the present Earl Fitzwilliam, K.G., and second daughter of Lord Charles Beauclerk, on the 20th ult., at Torquay, aged thirty-seven. She leaves three daughters and one son, William Charles De Mure, Viscount Milton, heir-apparent of the Earldom of Fitzwilliam.

Major James Martyn Clayton, Chief Constable of Carnarvonshire, recently, at his residence, Bank House, aged fifty-four. He served in the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers through the Crimean campaign, at the Alma and Inkermann, and at the fall of Sebastopol, and also in the Indian Mutiny in the relief of Lucknow and the defeat of the Gwalior contingent.

Mr. Thomas Danby, who died recently, belonged to a family of artists, and acquired for himself, by sheer hard work and a true love of nature, a recognised place amongst English landscape-painters of the day. His pictures, of which the scene lay generally in Wales, and especially in the neighbourhood of Capel Curig, were faithful but not prosaic transcripts of the country he loved so well, and in the midst of which he passed so much of his life.

Our Portrait of the late Archbishop Trench is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street.

The death rate of London showed a considerable decline last week. Though the mortality from diseases of the respiratory organs was not so great as in previous weeks, it was still largely in excess of the average.

BIRTHS.

On the 20th ult., at Sendhurst Grange, Send, Surrey, the wife of O. De Sate, of a daughter.

On the 24th ult., at Rose Cottage, Wormley, Herts, the wife of A. W. Selby, Esq., of a daughter.

DEATH.

On Sunday morning, the 28th ult., at Landsdowne-road, Belford, after a long and painful time of suffering, Eliza Lewis (née Macleod), wife of Lieutenant-General A. R. Glog, late Royal Artillery.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures.—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. 1s.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION of ENGLISH and CONTINENTAL PICTURES, including Sir John Millais' Last New Picture, BUBBLES, is NOW OPEN, at ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' GALLERIES, 5 and 6, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre. Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, HAYMARKET (next the Theatre). Admission, including Catalogue, One Shilling.

ST. ELIZABETH (LISZT).—A Full General Rehearsal of Chorus, Orchestra, and Soloists WILL TAKE PLACE at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on MONDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 5, at 2.30 precisely. Reserved Seats, 5s. Tickets at Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s, 1, Berners-street, W.; 5s. and 8s., Queen-street, E.C.; the usual Agents; and at Austin's Ticket-office, St. James's Hall.

MRS. LANGTRY.—ENEMIES.—THE PRINCE'S.—Season under the management of Mrs. LANGTRY. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, a new Comedy-Drama, in Five Acts, entitled ENEMIES, written by Charles F. Coghlan, in which Mrs. LANGTRY and full Company will appear (see daily papers). Doors open 7.30, commence Eight. Carriages, Eleven. Box-office (Mr. Hamilton) open Eleven to Five. Theatre lighted by electricity.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE. Sole Proprietor, MR. EDGAR BRUCE.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING at Eight, THE LORD HARRY, a New and Original Romantic Play (in Five Acts) by Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Music by Mr. Edward Jones. Scenery by Messrs. Walter Hann and Stafford Hall. Costumes by V. Barthe. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Clydes, Hudson, Cootie, Fulton, Bernage, Elliott, Evans, Barrington, De Solla, Carson, and George Barrett; Miss Lottie Venne, Mrs. Huntley, and Miss Eastlake. Private Boxes, 41 1s. to 20 9s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Box-office, 9.30 till Five. No fees. Doors open 7.30. Carriages at 10.30. Business Manager, Mr. John Cobbe. SPECIAL MORNING PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, at Two p.m.

NOTICE.—As previously announced, THE LORD HARRY can be presented for a limited number of nights only. In preparation, CLITO, an original tragedy, by Sydney Grundy and Wilson Barrett.—PRINCESS'S.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—FAUST at a Quarter to Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry; Martha, Mrs. Stirling. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open from Ten to Five.—LYCEUM.

JAPANESE VILLAGE, Hyde Park.—DAILY, from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. The Village complete throughout. All amusements Free, at Twelve, Three, Five, and Eight. 100 Japanese Artificers, Native and Military Bands. Admission, One Shilling. Children Half-price. Originator and Managing Director, TAXIAKER BUNIKOSAN.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'
NEW AND MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENT,
EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, THREE and EIGHT.
Pantons, 6s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets and Places, Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean during the Winter Season 1886, has much pleasure in announcing the following remarkable representations, for which purpose Mr. Fabian has already engaged—

Mesdames Isaac,	Mesdames Rose Delaunay,
Galli-Marié,	Thullier-Lenoir,
Franc Duvernoy,	Noémie Vernon,
Mons. Bertin-Tauffenberger, &c.	
In APRIL will be PERFORMED—	
LE GRAND MOGUL,	LA JOLIE PARFUMEUSE,
LA PETITE MARIEE,	LA MASCOITE, &c.

SEA BATHING AT MONACO.
This is pursued during the Winter Season, on a sandy beach, facing the Grand Hôtel des Bains.
MONTE CARLO is supplied with the following superior Hotels:—Grand Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria, Hôtel des Anglais, Grand Hôtel de Monte Carlo, Hôtel de Russie, Beau Rivage, &c.; and furnished villas, together with excellent apartments, are to be obtained.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

A noteworthy feature of the Ministerial crisis is the buoyant cheerfulness maintained by the perennial Premier. Ministers may come and Ministers may go; but Mr. Gladstone resolutely and tenaciously holds fast to his plans for the future government of Ireland, the disclosure of which by the Prime Minister in person is awaited with general interest. When Mr. Gladstone took his seat on the Treasury bench last Monday afternoon, no one, from the jubilant manner with which he smilingly conversed with Sir William Harcourt, would have imagined that he had just parted with two of his ablest colleagues in the Cabinet, and that Mr. Chamberlain had signalled his secession by jauntily taking the conspicuous corner seat of the second bench below the gangway, lately occupied by Mr. Peter Rylands, the narrow gangway alone separating the right hon. member for Birmingham from the Marquis of Hartington, between whom and Mr. Chamberlain a rapprochement had taken place, as evidenced by their palpable enjoyment of a prolonged chat. Heedless of the possible consequences of this new alliance, Mr. Gladstone in his quietest voice announced that he would on April 8 move "For leave to bring in a bill to amend the provision for the future government of Ireland"; that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would on the 12th unfold his Budget; and on the 15th inst. he, the Premier, would ask for leave to bring in "a bill to make amended provision for the sale and purchase of land in Ireland." This important Ministerial statement was received in silence by all save the Irish Home-Rule members, who cheered Mr. Gladstone vociferously. It were to be wished some of the amenity the Prime Minister courteously offered personally to Sir W. C. Brooks, the new Conservative member for the Altrincham Division of Cheshire, when he took the oath on Monday, could be extended to Mr. Gladstone, who deserves at least fair play at the hands of his political antagonists at this crisis, seeing that he has devoted the whole of his brilliant talents to a supreme effort to solve an Imperial problem all Parties in the State are anxious to have settled.

Individually amiable and estimable, the successors of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan are sure to be personally acceptable. Mr. Stansfeld, as the new President of the Local Government Board, is, from previous Ministerial experience, familiar with the work of that office, wherein Mr. Chamberlain commendably strove hard to stimulate the Poor Law authorities to grapple with the prevailing distress in London. If the Earl of Dalhousie does not pose as an "Admirable Crichton," like the fortunate young Scottish Peer who has been exalted to the Foreign Office, the new Secretary for Scotland will be sure to be a popular administrator. Out of compliment to Scotland, Lord Dalhousie might, however, have been included in the Cabinet as well as Mr. Stansfeld.

The House of Lords may well long for the return of the Marquis of Salisbury to reinfuse vivacity into the proceedings, to the languor of which Earl Granville has easily reconciled himself. Lord Rayleigh and Lord Bury, yesterday week, sought to illuminate the financially difficult question of electric lighting. Their measures for staving off, for twenty-eight and forty-two years respectively, the period when local authorities should have power to purchase electric-lighting companies were referred to a Select Committee. But why should not electric-lighting, like charity, commence at home, and be tried in Parliament, with the gain of a stronger illuminating power and a purer air to breathe? Lord Harris on Monday creditably distinguished himself. At his instigation, Lord Sudeley admitted that Government ought to give cultivators a chance of growing tobacco in the United Kingdom. Here is a chance for Ireland. Generally, a dignified somnolence has characterised the Upper House, the gaiety of which, however, will be revived in April by Lord Salisbury, who may well have prattled of primroses in his balmy southern retreat.

Indisposed on Thursday week, when a full House assembled in the vain hope of hearing the Premier make some announcement respecting his Irish proposals, Mr. Gladstone reappeared on the following day, but only to foreshadow the statement made by him on Monday. Caledonians, stern and wild, foregathered on the latter day in large numbers to discuss the Crofters' Bill, the most noticeable features of which were that Mr. M'Laren's motion to extend the measure to Scotland generally, opposed in an admirably clear and lucid speech by Mr. J. H. Macdonald, was negatived by 287 against 91 votes; and that Mr. Trevelyan was warmly cheered when he rose from the third bench below the gangway to loyally support the bill, and prevailed upon Sir George Campbell to withdraw his amendment, framed in the same sense as Mr. M'Laren's. Full of resource in the way of argument, the Lord Advocate skillfully conducted the Crofters' Bill in Committee. Apparently possessed with a tidy conceit of himself, Mr. Henniker Heaton loses no opportunity of distinguishing himself. His motives for establishing "a universal international penny postage system" were approved on Tuesday by Mr. Fowler, who naturally pleaded, however, on behalf of the sadly overburdened home taxpayers that there was already a heavy loss of £1000 per day upon the ocean postal service. Under these circumstances, the House negatived Mr. Heaton's motion by a majority of 131.

Dr. Cameron, so able a debater that it is surprising he has not yet been included in the Ministry, on Tuesday skillfully marshalled the arguments in favour of his resolution for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of Scotland. But Mr. Gladstone, encouraged by Ministerial cheers, held it best that in ecclesiastical matters the people of Scotland should be left to think and act for themselves. Sir Donald Currie's amendment, in this sense, was formally negatived; and Dr. Cameron's sweeping resolution decisively rejected by a majority of 112—237 against 125.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH.

The reception of Lord and Lady Dufferin at Mandalay, the capital of the late native kingdom of Upper Burmah, now made a province of the British Indian Empire, was described in our last. Some additional Illustrations, from sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, are now presented; one is the reading to the Viceroy, by Mr. Prior himself, of an address, in English, from the Mohammedan merchant, Moollah Ismail, and the Surat traders residing at Mandalay. A view of the handsome triumphal arch erected by Moollah Ismail and his friends, with Lord and Lady Dufferin, in their carriage, passing through it, appeared in our front page last week. The Royal Palace, formerly inhabited by King Theebaw, now occupied by the British civil and military officials, has been sufficiently described: Lord and Lady Dufferin here received a number of visitors, including those of various foreign nationalities, European and Asiatic, as well as leading personages of native Burmese society. The levée of the Viceroy of India in the grand throne-room is one of the scenes delineated by our Special Artist; another is that of the Burmese ladies taking afternoon tea with Lady Dufferin. The streets of the city, when the British rule commenced, were in a neglected and filthy condition; but "new brooms sweep clean," and orderly habits are enforced in subject towns by the agents of our Indian Government.



MEN OF THE DAY.

CARDINAL MANNING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRETT, 205, OXFORD-STREET, W.

CARDINAL MANNING.

His Eminence the Most Rev. Henry Edward Manning, D.D., Archbishop of Westminster, "Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church," Vicar of St. Andrew and St. Gregory on the Coelian Hill, at Rome, is a pillar of the Roman Catholic Church in England, in *partibus infidelium*, and is, indeed, an eminent divine. He might have been Archbishop of Canterbury, if he had remained in the Established Church of England, which he quitted, from conscientious conviction, just thirty-five years ago. A profound theological and philosophical scholar, an earnest and impressive preacher, a man of wide philanthropy, sympathising deeply with the working classes and the poor, and often engaged in unsectarian efforts of social and moral reform, Cardinal Manning has earned the respect of his countrymen, apart from differences of religious opinion, and is worthy of a place among our Portraits of "Men of the Day."

He is now in the seventy-eighth year of his age, having been born on July 15, 1808, at Totteridge, near Barnet, a son of Mr. William Manning, sometime M.P. for Evesham and for Penrhyn, a London merchant, and Governor of the Bank of England. He was educated at Harrow, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1830, and gained first class honours in classics. He was elected a Fellow of Merton College, took orders, and became one of the Select Preachers to the University. He was never personally associated with the "Tractarian" movement of Pusey, Froude, Newman, and Keble. In 1834 he became a country clergyman, Rector of Lavington and Graffham, in Sussex, and was quietly engaged in pastoral duties till 1840, when he was appointed Archdeacon of Chichester. A great Broad Church clergyman, Julius Hare, Archdeacon of Lewes, was delighted with this appointment. He said he had longed anxiously for Manning to be his colleague, counsellor, and helper; "Manning is a truly wise and holy man, zealous, devoted, self-sacrificing, gentle, mild, and loving." It is likely, however, that Manning and Julius Hare did not precisely agree in their theological opinions. Manning held even then a strong conviction of the unity and continuity of Catholic Church tradition. In 1837 and 1838, however, he wrote upon "The Rule of Faith," extending the arguments of Chillingworth, to prove that Scripture, with the Creed of the first four General Councils, contains all points of necessary belief, and that there is no living infallible judge of doctrine. So late as 1850, he wrote:—"The Church of England, as an integral whole, possesses within itself the fountain of doctrine and discipline, and has no need to go beyond itself for succession, orders, mission, jurisdiction, and the office to declare to its own members, in matters of faith, the intention of the Catholic Church." He was then an Anglican Catholic; but his preaching, in the four volumes of University and other sermons published before he left the English Church, was chiefly ethical and devotional. They are beautiful examples of pathetic eloquence, and some of them might have been uttered in any Christian pulpit.

Archdeacon Manning, then, was not among those subtle contrivers of an ecclesiastical revolution, who seemed bent on undermining the historical and legal Church of England. As he has written no "Apologia pro Vita Mea," the world does not exactly know by what course of thought, or vein of sentiment, he was led over to Rome. It was the famous case of "Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter," and the final judicial decision upon it, that occasioned the step which he took, very suddenly, in 1851. He and some others, including Archdeacon Wilberforce, acknowledged the Royal supremacy only as that of the "supreme civil power over all persons and causes in temporal things, and over the temporal accidents of spiritual things." They did not consider that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council ought to determine "spiritual questions touching doctrine or discipline, the custody of which was committed to the Church alone by the law of Christ." The doctrine of baptismal regeneration, which was concerned in the Gorham case, was one of those spiritual questions. Their appeal to the clergy and members of the Church of England, against what they conceived to be a usurpation of authority, met with small response. In consequence of this, Archdeacon Manning, with apparent consistency, threw up his preferment in the Established Church. His reasons for joining the Roman Church may be found, probably, in many of his subsequent writings, upon which we do not pretend to comment. He rapidly passed, under the auspices of Cardinal Wiseman, through the successive ordinations; and, having arrived at the priesthood, entered the Academia Ecclesiastica in Rome, where he spent three years in study.

In 1854, he was admitted by the Pope to the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He preached at St. Mary's, Oscott, to the Provincial Synod. He founded the Congregation of the Oblates of St. Charles, at Bayswater, and held the office of Superior there, preaching often in a church in Westbourne-grove, and sometimes in the Pro-Cathedral in Moorfields. In 1857, he was appointed Provost of Westminster, and Protanotary Apostolic in 1860. Upon the death of Cardinal Wiseman, in 1865, Dr. Manning was consecrated second Archbishop of Westminster. He took an active part in defending the temporal dominion of the Pope, from 1860 to 1866, against the Kingdom of Italy, and, two or three years later, in advocating the doctrine of Papal infallibility, attending the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican in December, 1869, and writing several pamphlets and pastoral letters. In March, 1875, Archbishop Manning was summoned to Rome to be invested with the dignity of Cardinal by Pope Pius IX. He received the hat, the ring, and the crosier, with the customary formalities; took possession of his church on the Coelian Hill, delivered an Italian address to the monks, and preached in English to a large congregation of his own countrymen, reminding them how the first Archbishop of Canterbury, the first Archbishop of York, and the first Bishops of Rochester and of London, had been connected with St. Gregory's—the church where prayers are still offered for the conversion of Britain.

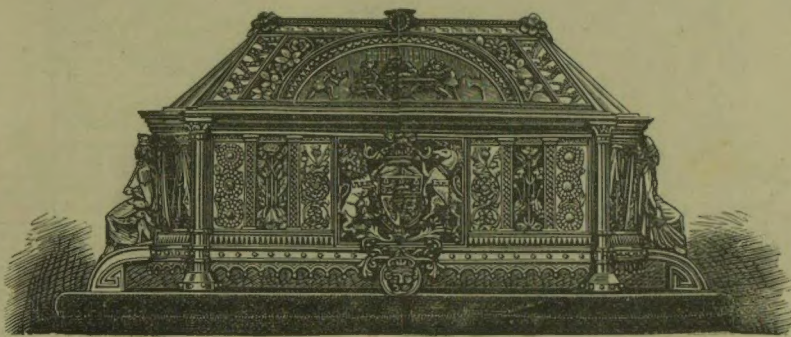
Cardinal Manning is author of many controversial and critical essays, and is an occasional contributor to the monthly magazines upon grave and important subjects. He discussed, in opposition to Mr. Gladstone, in 1877, the decrees of the Vatican Council. He is a zealous promoter of total abstinence from intoxicating drink, and has enrolled many thousands of Roman Catholics, in London, in a League with that object; besides which he has been active, with other religious men, in the crusade against immorality, and in various efforts to benefit the poor of London. He is a member of the Royal Commission on the Dwellings of the Labouring Classes.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Barraud, of Oxford-street.

A Danish brigantine was wrecked off the Scilly Isles last Saturday night, and the captain and chief officer were drowned, the rest of the crew being rescued after suffering great privations.

GOLD CASKET FOR PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

The gold casket which has been manufactured by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell for the Goldsmiths' Company, for presentation to Prince Albert Victor of Wales, is designed in the Old English style. At each end are seated figures, those of Edward III. and St. Dunstan. The figure of the King is taken from his Great Seal, affixed to the Company's charter of incorporation in 1327, and that of Dunstan, the Goldsmith prelate and patron saint of the Company, adapted from the ancient figure-head of the company's barge, now preserved at Goldsmiths' Hall. The saint holds his pastoral staff and the tongs with which, according to tradition, he pulled the Devil's nose. The centre panel, in the front of the casket, is occupied by the arms of his Royal Highness, elaborately carved and enamelled in the proper heraldic colours. The corresponding panel at the back bears the arms of the Goldsmiths' Company, treated in a similar manner. The other



CASKET PRESENTED BY THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY TO PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

panels of the body are filled with pierced and carved representations, in gold, of various golden flowers, the common cornflower, the marsh-marigold, the celandine, and others, on enamelled and pierced backgrounds. On the cover, in a lunette, is a representation in relief of the interior of a goldsmith's workshop of the sixteenth century; and in a corresponding position, on the back, is engraved the following inscription:—"This casket, containing the freedom of the Goldsmiths' Company, was presented to H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor, at Goldsmiths' Hall, on Tuesday, March 30, 1886." In the preparation and execution of this design Messrs. Hunt and Roskell have endeavoured to produce specimens of the highest class of workmanship in the principal processes of the goldsmith's art; modelling and chasing, in the figures of Edward III. and St. Dunstan; piercing and carving, in the floral decorations; repoussé work, in the centre panel of the cover; and enamel, sparingly introduced to heighten the general effect.

MICROSCOPICAL DISCOVERIES.

The Rev. Dr. Dallinger, F.R.S., and President of the Microscopical Society, lectured last Saturday evening at Firth College, Sheffield, on "The latest work amongst the least and lowest forms of life." The lecture described the result of three years' close study of the minutest forms of life. Dr. Dallinger stated that he is now possessed of microscopic lenses so constructed as to realise results which only five years ago were declared by mathematicians to be impossible of accomplishment. By means of these he threw upon an illuminated screen various forms of minute life. One of these was a piece of hard chalk, of the size of a pin's head, which contained shells estimated to be equal to four millions in an ounce of chalk. He also showed a drop of water, taken by himself near the reservoir at Preston, Lancashire, containing specimens of dismids, which, cubically measured, were only about one millionth of an inch. Taking a single specimen of living organism from a drop of water, he showed it upon the screen, and said by the aid of very powerful lenses, which had come into his possession only within the last few months, he had discovered this, which was the minutest organism known. He had measured the flagellum or motor fibre of this organism, and found it to be the two hundred and fourth millionth seven hundred thousandth of an English inch. Dr. Dallinger subsequently gave the results of his recent researches on the subject of bacteria and putrefactive organisms, and said the work of these organism was to break up and to set free from dead organisms the elements of which they were made, so as to render them capable of circulating in new generations. In his recent labours he had found one whose duty it was to glean, as it were, the remaining particles after other forms had done their work.

In addition to the sum of £3000 voted for the purpose, the Lords of the Admiralty have approved a further expenditure of £548 on the annual refit of the Royal yacht *Alberta*.

The new hall of the Church of Ireland Training College, Dublin, which has been some months in course of erection, was opened on Friday week by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

An elegant and choicely illustrated edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith, with prefatory memoir by Mr. George Saintsbury, and 114 coloured illustrations by V. A. Poirson, has been issued by Mr. J. C. Nimmo.

Sufficient financial support has been secured to induce Mr. A. Wilson, of Tranbycroft, to continue the mastership of Holderness Hunt for another season; and a good working committee has been organised.

The annual meeting of the governors and supporters of the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis and other Diseases of the Nervous System, Portland-terrace, Regent's Park, was, by permission of the Duke of Westminster, held at Grosvenor House, Upper Grosvenor-street, on Wednesday—Lord Willoughby De Broke, vice-president, in the chair.

Mr. E. S. Norris, M.P., presiding on Monday at the annual meeting of the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum, said that during the past year thirty boys and ten girls had been admitted to the asylum. The highest number of inmates had been 270, and the average 257. The committee appeal earnestly for financial support to continue this useful work.

The Tower of London has been reopened for the admission of visitors. There are, for the present, two free days in the week—namely, Monday and Saturday; and on the other days admission may be obtained on payment of 6d. each person, which will include access to the armouries. The jewel-house is still closed for repairs, but will be accessible on and after May 1 on the same condition as the armouries. The hours of admission to the Tower of London are from ten to four, excepting the summer months (May to September inclusive), when the closing hour on free days is extended to six p.m.

MUSIC.

The reappearance of Madame Schumann at the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall has been a welcome event of the present season. At the afternoon performance of last Saturday, the great pianist received, from an overflowing audience, such an enthusiastic welcome as must have given her strong assurance of the honour in which she is held here. The solo set down for her in the programme was Beethoven's sonata in E flat, entitled "Les adieux, l'absence, et le retour," which was rendered with the same excellence—technical and intellectual—that has long rendered the performances of Madame Schumann such as are now scarcely equalled at other hands. Repeated recalls and showers of bouquets were replied to by her playing another solo piece. The programme otherwise, although excellent, calls for no special comment. At the Popular Concert of Monday evening, Madame Schumann played Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata with grand effect, and gave a short piece by her late husband, Robert Schumann, in answer to the enthusiastic applause which followed the sonata.

The programme included the first performance here of a sonata for pianoforte and violin, composed by Herr Herzogenberg, and the last performance this season of Beethoven's septet. The sonata is a well written piece—not very original perhaps—and proved effective in its skilful rendering by Miss Zimmermann and Herr Joachim. The hall was again crowded in every part.

The Bach Choir gave its twenty-third public concert last week at St. James's Hall, conducted by Mr. C. V. Stanford, who succeeded Mr. Otto Goldschmidt on this gentleman's resignation. Last week's performances began with Bach's cantata "Gott ist mein König," an occasional piece, produced in 1708, for the annual ceremony of the change of councillors at Mülhausen. With some striking points, especially in the scientific choral writing, the cantata is less interesting, as a whole, than most of the many works of the kind produced by Bach. The other vocal pieces of the programme were Beethoven's choral "Elegischer Gesang" and the third and finest portion of Schumann's "Faust" music. The principal solo vocalists of the evening were Mlle. Friedländer, Misses A. Sherwin and L. Little, Herr Von Zur Mühlen, and Mr. Thorndike. Herr Joachim's admirable violin playing in his own Hungarian concerto and Bach's "Chaconne" in D minor were special features of the concert.

Pianoforte recitals were given last week by Miss Fanny Davies, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, and Mr. Frederic Lamond—all at Prince's Hall. The first-named young lady played a selection of pieces of the classical and brilliant schools in a way that quite sustained the very favourable impression she has recently made in London. Miss Zimmermann has been much longer established here, and is well known as a sterling pianist who excels in the interpretation of music of all styles, as was again proved by her skilful rendering of a varied selection of music at her last week's recital. Mr. Lamond is new to the London public. He is a native of Glasgow—not yet out of his teens—who has studied with Liszt and Von Bülow, and has gained great success by his performances in Germany, and recently in his native city. His executive skill and power of wrist and finger would be remarkable in a person of more mature age, and are still more so in one so young as he is. It is, perhaps, in the bravura style that he most excels, and this was especially proved last week by his execution of Brahms's variations on a theme by Paganini, the enormous difficulties of which were realised with wondrous command of the instrument.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society gave the ninth concert of the fifteenth season during the week; Gounod's oratorio "The Redemption" having been announced for performance. Mr. Max Pauer, son of Professor Ernst Pauer, gave a concert, at Prince's Hall, this week.

The Philharmonic Society gave the third concert of the seventy-fourth season on Thursday evening; too late for our notice until next week.

The students of the Hampstead Conservatoire of Music will, with the assistance of students from the Croydon Conservatoire, give a concert this (Saturday) evening at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly.

The London Musical Society—Mr. Barnby conductor—will give next Wednesday, at St. James's Hall, Dr. Villiers Stanford's oratorio "The Three Holy Children," for the first time in London, the soloists being Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. W. H. Brereton.

Next week will be chiefly devoted to a series of concerts and receptions in recognition of the visit of Franz Liszt to this country, after an absence of forty-five years. On Tuesday he is expected to be present at St. James's Hall, at the performance of his grand oratorio, "Saint Elizabeth," at the last of the series of six of Novello's oratorio concerts. A full general rehearsal is to take place on Monday afternoon. On Wednesday afternoon the same work is to be given, in the same locality, at the annual spring concert of the London Academy of Music, conducted by Dr. Wylle. On Friday an orchestral and vocal concert will be given—also at St. James's Hall—by Herr L. Emil Bach, in honour of the visit of the distinguished composer. And, on Saturday afternoon, the nineteenth Crystal Palace concert of the series will be rendered tributary to Liszt by the performance of a selection from his works, in his presence. Preceding these public recognitions, there will be a private reunion this (Saturday) afternoon, at Westwood House, Sydenham, the residence of Mr. Henry Littleton (the principal of the firm of Novello, Ewer, and Co.)—another reception being organised by Mr. Walter Bache, to take place at the Grosvenor Gallery on Thursday evening.

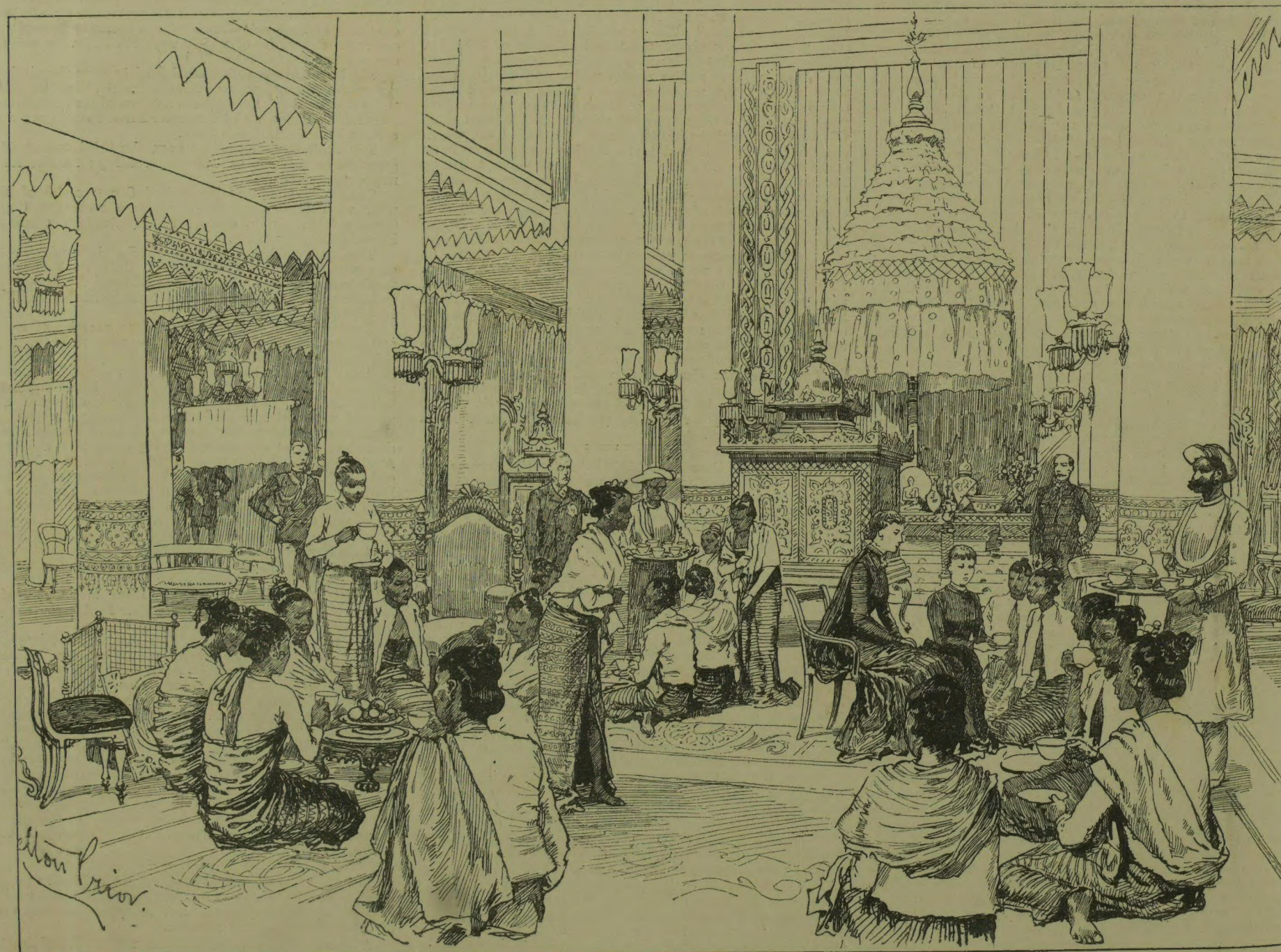
The arrangements for the Leeds Festival, to take place in October next, are now nearly complete. On Wednesday morning, the 13th, Handel's "Israel in Egypt" will be given, and in the evening Mr. Mackenzie's new cantata, "The Story of Sayer." Bach's B minor Mass will be performed on Thursday morning, and in the evening Mr. C. V. Stanford's new cantata, "The Revenge," will be produced. Friday morning will bring forward Dvorák's oratorio "Ludmila," the evening programme including a new concert overture by Mr. K. Hattersley; the closing day, Saturday, being appropriated to Sir Arthur Sullivan's new cantata founded on Longfellow's "Golden Legend," and the first part of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul." Other interesting features will be included in the performances. Sir Arthur Sullivan will again be the conductor.

The fine collection of old blue and white Nankin porcelain belonging to Mr. James Orrock, R.I., which has been exhibited at South Kensington for the last two years, has been bought by the authorities of the museum.

A return of the number of births, marriages, and deaths in England and Wales during 1885, compiled from the quarterly returns furnished by the local registrars, shows that in an estimated population of 27,499,041, there were 893,694 births, 394,892 persons were married, and there were 522,517 deaths.



LORD DUFFERIN HOLDING A LEVEE IN THE GRAND THRONE-ROOM OF THE PALACE AT MANDALAY.



BURMESE LADIES TAKING AFTERNOON TEA WITH LADY DUFFERIN IN THE PALACE AT MANDALAY.

THE VICEROY OF INDIA IN BURMAH: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



WAITING FOR THE TOILERS OF THE SEA.—DRAWN BY H. CAFFIERI.

The subject illustrated by the Artist, Mr. Caffieri, in this drawing, has often been made a theme of sympathetic treatment in art and in poetry. The calling of the sea fisherman is dangerous on most parts of the coast; and the wives and families of men so employed must frequently await their return, after a long and rough night on the waves, with such anxiety as other women, though happier in the less perilous situation of their own husbands, may readily imagine. During the International Fisheries Exhibition of 1883 at South

Kensington, many suggestions were made for the improvement of the means of safety, and generally for the benefit of this brave and industrious class of our population. The construction of piers and small harbours of refuge, at suitable places, especially on the western shores of Scotland and Ireland, would seem to be among the most advisable measures. It would probably be even remunerative, by encouraging and extending a profitable kind of employment and a source of public wealth. Much could also be done, with

a moderate return for the outlay, to aid in furnishing more seaworthy boats for the use of fishermen, and a more complete equipment.

Mr. J. Matthews, of 21, Poland-street, London, was the engraver of the memorial brass tablet, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, to the memory of the late Colonel J. Donald Hamill Stewart, of which we gave an Illustration last week.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It is curious that the management at the Haymarket should have contemplated the melancholy process of "putting up the shutters" at the very moment that a clever and interesting play was ready, and begging to be read and tried. This circumstance will, no doubt, strengthen the cry of the unacted, and induce managers to believe that good, sound, workman-like, and practicable plays are as plentiful as blackberries in autumn, and can be had for the asking. Fortified by the arguments of Mr. Herman Merivale and the examples of Sir Charles Young, authors who write for the stage without understanding it, and construct plays with supreme indifference to the practical requirements of the boards, enthusiasts who change their scene twenty times in an act, are regardless of time or place, who bring on characters by the dozen with no thought of removing them, will raise anew their piteous cry that the dramatic tree is full of ripe apples that the silly managers refuse to pick. I doubt if Mr. Merivale meant quite all that he said the other day at the Society of Arts lecture, when he strongly hinted that the hands of the dramatist—the literary dramatist—were fettered by the newspaper critic. This much-abused gentleman, with all due deference to Mr. Merivale, has had some experience, and possibly on the strength of that experience knows a little about the subject he has studied. If Mr. Merivale can conscientiously state that the drama for the last quarter of a century, be it literary or unliterary, be it poetical or commercial, be it an art or a folly, has suffered at the hands of contemporary criticism, then he has read the history of our stage in a far different sense than I have. Sir Charles Young, like Mr. Merivale, is an experienced dramatist. Neither of them would or could offer a play to a manager that would be ridiculed by the director of the stage. They have learned their business, as every practical playwright learns it. They know, as well as I do, that a play to be popular must be as well constructed as well adorned. They are perfectly familiar with the fact that seldom—very seldom—the gift of building and the gift of decorating exist in the same mind. One man can sketch a story, another can write it. One can conceive, another can polish. One can suggest character, another can create it. If authors refuse to recognise these truths and fail, it is not the fault of newspaper criticism. That is but the expression of undeclared public opinion, if, indeed, it have any value at all.

"Jim, the Penman," suddenly produced at a matinée, hastily got up, rehearsed by fits and starts, and played by a company gathered from innumerable theatres, most of them with their minds taken up with other work, is a sound, vigorous, and interesting play. It is a drama of action, not of reflection. The author relates, he does not philosophise. The construction is, to my mind, singularly skilful, the characters almost all well drawn. The interest is progressive, and, as it turns out, absorbing. Fairly, indeed, may it be called a romance of modern society; but it is a romance that excites our pity rather than our pleasure. The downward career of a bad man; the inevitable destiny that awaits crime; the enmeshing and engulfing of all those near and dear to one believed to be good, but who is proved to be bad; the unmasking of the hypocrite; the hunting down of the criminal, and his unlamented death in a blood-red sea of broken hearts:—these are the things that we are bound to contemplate every day in our lives, and these are the things that the author places before us with the severity of a Hogarth and the picturesque force of a Friar. There was a picture exhibited a few years ago to which I cannot help comparing this play. The picture drew crowds around it: so will the play. It was "The Road to Ruin," by Mr. W. T. Frith. We saw the swindler in prosperity, and in prison. We traced his course downwards from the drawing-room to the dungeon: from society to sorrow. So we see "Jim, the Penman," fall, and watch eagerly as his sins find him out. We see the talons of the law hovering in the air and ready to clutch at his miserable shoulder. Destiny hangs over his wretched head like the sword of Damocles. He has sinned, and he is both judged and punished; and we go from the theatre with his dead body before our eyes, and on either side of him the wife he has deceived, the friend he has ruined, backed up by the scum of the society he has outraged. This is art, for the Greeks have said so; and the Greeks know best; but there is no Chorus to arrest our pity for the miserably harassed, fate-haunted, and repentant man. There is one point in this clever play that I do not precisely understand—and that is, the attitude of Mrs. Ralston towards her husband. In early life, by means of a forged letter, James Ralston has cheated his friend and schoolfellow out of the woman he loved, and married her. Mrs. Ralston has accepted the situation without a murmur. She has lived contentedly with the man she has married. She loves her children. He has brought her wealth, content, and happiness. She has expressed no regret or longing for her old lover, but has thrust him out of her mind. But the instant the old lover returns, and Mrs. Ralston learns the truth, regardless of these years of married life, her home, her duty, her children, she, of all women in the world, is the first to hand her husband over to justice. Surely, this is the very last thing a noble woman would do. If, at the outset of the play, it had been suggested that Mrs. Ralston's life was a burden to her, if she lived outwardly happy but inwardly miserable, if her whole life had been one long regret for the old faithful heart she had lost, there would be some excuse for her violent change. As it is, the conduct of the woman seems unreasonable, and, from the highest and grandest point of view, unwomanly. There is another crux in the play of minor importance that has puzzled me; but it is worth noticing because the whole story turns upon it. In one scene James Ralston sits down at his wife's desk, and, desiring to write a cheque for himself, asks his wife if he may sign her name to one of her own cheques. With absolute unconcern, as if it were a matter of everyday occurrence, she replies "Certainly." Whereupon James Ralston sits down and forges his wife's name, imitating her own signature in her own handwriting. Now, if the bank had authority to cash cheques signed by James Ralston for his wife it would be an ordinary business transaction: but surely there is no bank in the wide world that would permit a husband to forge his wife's name and think nothing about it. Regard the matter the other way. Suppose a wife could imitate her husband's signature exactly, it would be rather hard for him if his banking account was drained by wifely cheques. The play is so clever that these things strike one as blots that could be remedied without much difficulty. It is too late materially to alter the character of James Ralston. He is a strange mixture of resolution and hysteria. Now, a resolute, determined man is seldom hysterical. He has no nerves, and if he has he keeps them well under control. He is not at one moment a blusterer and the next a trembler. As Jim, the Penman, would never quail before anyone. I do not propose to discuss the acting of this play until I have seen it once more—next Saturday. Lady Monckton will play again, and so will the majority of the original cast. Mr. Brookfield and Mr. Marius are not likely to play better than they did last week. They were both performances of first-class merit.

Mr. A. W. Pinero is a magician. Out of his laboratory he turns out plays of every description. First, a rustic poem; then, a society drama; then, a screaming farce. Now he is in the country, among the green fields and lanes, with Hodge and Bet and Dorothy Draggletail; now in a French salon, with card players and sharpers, seedy bankrupts, and harassed women; now in some topsy-turvy kingdom, where he sets off for a race with the champion topsy-turvyist, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and comes in a very respectable second. From the point of view of dialogue, every line and syllable studied in relation to effect, "The Schoolmistress" is the best original farce Mr. Pinero has ever written. Such a play could never have been produced by anyone who did not know the stage by heart, or who had failed to study minutely a modern audience. The whole thing is polished to a point of perfection. Mr. Pinero never puts down a sentence that is weak or inappropriate. He hears the laugh beforehand, in his own study. He is certain of his effects before he produces them. And then, like Mr. Gilbert, like Mr. Wyndham, like Mr. Robertson in old days, he has that magical power, not only of suggesting what he wants done, but of securing the success of his own suggestions. He has some difficulty, perhaps, with the old hands, who have certain views of their own which may or may not be in accordance with the author's scheme; but he can mould all the new hands; he can train the raw recruits, he is a first-rate drill-master; and the consequence is that we find the programme full of names we have never heard of before, and go away with the conviction that the small parts are quite as well played, sometimes better than the more important ones. It is immaterial what the "Schoolmistress" is about: these plays do not depend upon plot, but upon treatment. It is not the mere fish, flesh, or fowl that we are concerned about; but the cooking. And Mr. Pinero has seldom prepared a more savoury or appetising dish. Laughter is started with the first line of the dialogue, and continues to the last. The dialogue is continually interrupted by loud guffaws; the acting is so full of spirit and so exhilarating that the audience catches the infection, and that delightful sight is presented—a merry audience of laughing and contented faces. Oh, if actors and actresses would only know the value of this life and spirit! If they could only feel, as audiences constantly feel, the depression caused by their slow acting and dawdling ways. If they could only understand how good plays are ruined, because they assume to imitate Nature, and "imitate it so abominably." The very spirit that Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Pinero put into their farces could be put into comedy and drama also, if the stage were not hampered, and the art were not depressed by actors and actresses who mumble their words, smother their sentences, drawl over their business, and consider the triumph of acting is to be seen, and not heard; to be studied, but never understood. When the reaction comes against slow acting, when every eye and face responds to the words spoken or the scene interpreted, when artists on the stage understand that the first thing to be done is to be in magnetic sympathy with an audience—and without it all effort is useless—then we shall have fewer plays ruined by unintelligent acting. All the accustomed favourites are to be seen at the Court in the new play, with the exception of Miss Marion Terry, who is much missed. Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Arthur Cecil, and Mr. John Clayton have all got capital parts, and are in wonderfully good spirits. Mrs. Wood is the schoolmistress, who spends her vacation as the prima-donna of the opera troupe; Mr. Cecil is the husband of this strange Minerva—a fantastic creature, who is under the thumb of a pack of saucy school-girls; Mr. Clayton, fearfully and wonderfully made-up, is an old Admiral, whose ferocity constitutes his fun—an admirable, clever, and artistic performance. The bright spirit of mischief in the play—the tricky, whimsical Puck in petticoats—is Miss Rose Norreys, whose assistance throughout is invaluable. Add to these, Mr. F. Kerr, a capital actor; Miss Emily Cross, a welcome addition to the company; and a new and very clever boy, Mr. Philips, and one may be assured that the new play does not suffer from inattention or indifference. We must laugh as well as cry at the playhouse. There are tears enough in the world, Heaven knows; and the public stands indebted to Mr. Pinero for helping to stimulate them with merriment, pure as pure can be, and never sullied by indecency or prurient suggestion. C. S.

The King of Greece has signed a decree calling upon certain classes of the Reserve to join the Army by the 7th proximo.—The Chambers have been summoned to meet on April 1.

As the Danish Folkething has refused to discuss the financial measures of the Government, the King has issued a decree establishing the Budget for the current year, and authorising the collection of the necessary taxes.

The Dutch Chamber has adopted the principle of the conversion of the debt from 4 per cent into 3½ per cent. The Second Chamber has passed, by 42 against 34 votes, the modified Ministerial Bill for the revision of the Customs tariff of the Dutch Indies, effecting a reduction of the export and increasing the import duties.

The Emperor of Russia, the Empress, and the heir to the Throne arrived at St. Petersburg on Friday week from Gatchina to receive the Embassy from Bokhara in the Anitchkoff Palace. The Order of St. Anne of the First Class, set in diamonds, has been conferred upon the Ameer of Bokhara, and the Order of St. Stanislaus, with a diamond star, upon Astan Akul Beg, the Ameer's special Envoy.—The Baltic ports are open for navigation.

A vote of censure brought forward against the Government in the Dominion House of Commons, on account of Riel's execution, has been rejected by a majority of 94.—The Budget of the Dominion of Canada has been presented to the Parliament at Ottawa. It shows a retrenchment of 9,000,000 dols. in the expenditure. 250,000 dols. are asked for the protection of the fisheries, the marine police, and the payment of the fishing bounties.—A telegram from Winnipeg states that the emigration season has commenced, and people are arriving in large numbers from Europe.

The men on strike in the coal districts of Belgium have committed damage which is estimated at about five million francs. They have pillaged and burned country residence, and destroyed several glassworks. General Vandersmissen has taken the general direction of the military operations in the provinces of Liège and Hainault; and he has proclaimed his determination to repress the disorders. Matters seem to have improved, and it is stated that in some districts the men who had been on strike are returning to work. The military are, however, still occupied in restoring order in some parts where bands of marauders continue to ramble about. There have been collisions between the military and the rioters, and thirty lives have been lost in the disturbances. In the Chamber on Tuesday the Prime Minister made a statement with reference to the strikes and rioting, and said that order would ere long be thoroughly restored. The Government would ask for credits for 43,000,000f., to proceed with railways, so as to afford further employment.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, March 30.

The other day I found myself in company with MM. Zola, Alphonse Daudet, Edmond De Goncourt, and half a dozen other novelists, who were talking about things in general, and Russian novels in particular. For you must know that of late Tolstol and Dostolewsky have found many admirers in Paris, particularly amongst the youths who write for the newspapers and reviews, and profess the doctrines of Schopenhauer without having ever read his works. And so the current of pessimism, as M. Zola remarked, has been augmented by a current of mysticism and detachment from material things. "The end of the century," said M. Zola, "promises to be full of mysticism, and all this war against capital that has begun at Decazeville, and is being continued in Belgium, is based on a mixture of mysticism and perversity." However that may be, one cannot help being struck by the indifference of the French public to these grave manifestations. It is true that the newspaper-boys howl hoarse news about the civil war in Belgium every night at the absinth hour when the tables outside the cafés are surrounded by leisured citizens. But little heed is paid to them. The strike at Decazeville continues, and no one tries to solve the mystery how the strikers manage to exist without money. Verily, the indifference of the public is remarkable. And with regard to home politics in general the same indifference may be observed. The political career is not esteemed; politicians are not considered; secularisation, the suppression of the budget of public worship, Communal autonomy, the purchase of the railways by the State, and all the other matters over which Deputies and Ministers dispute and debate, seem only to provoke a movement of impatience and lassitude on the part of the public, who demand simply peace and tranquillity. It would be difficult to find anywhere more negligent citizens than the French under the Third Republic. Hence the monotony and paltriness of the party politics of the Chamber. This week, for instance, the great question has been the constitution of the Budget Committee, from which the Conservative minority has been rigorously excluded. Why? Do not the Conservatives pay taxes as well as the Republicans? This week the committee will settle by what means the deficit is to be met, and recommend, it is believed, the issue of a new Three per Cent Perpetual Loan.

While the Chamber continues year after year its career of party, and more or less sterile, politics, the nation works and saves and forms that vast reserve fund which has never been found wanting in the troubles to which France has been so often subjected. Labour, order, and economy need the encouragement of no new laws or extraordinary budgets. Take, for instance, the institution of the Scholar Savings Banks, which date, in France, from 1874 only. The statistics recently issued by the Ministry of Public Instruction show astonishing progress. Thus, in 1877, there were 8033 Scholar Savings Banks, comprising 143,272 deposits, amounting to 2,984,352f. In 1886, there are 23,980 Scholar Savings Banks, comprising 491,160 deposits, amounting to 11,934,268f. These banks are due to the initiative of the Communal schoolmasters, whose efforts simply enjoy the sympathy and recognition of the Ministry; while the local authorities aid them by paying the minor expenses of printing, &c. At present, about one third of the pupils in the schools use the Savings Banks, and deposit, on an average, three halfpence a week. It appears that in no country is this system of Scholar Savings Banks more popular than in France. In Italy, there are only 3456 such banks, and in England, 2105—always according to the statistics furnished by the French Ministry of Public Instruction.

In rendering honour to the fine arts, France does not intend to be surpassed by her neighbours—witness the new buildings of the Luxembourg Museum. Driven out of the old palace by the invasion of the offices and dependencies of the Senate, the pictures and statues have found more commodious and grandiose hospitality in the Orangery, and in a new adjoining gallery, the entrance to which is in the Rue Vaugirard, opposite the Rue Férou. The lighting and general arrangement of the new galleries, which are now open to the public, are excellent. The first gallery is occupied by the sculpture. At the end of this gallery is a salon carré, in which the place of honour, facing the door, is given to Thomas Couture's picture of "The Romans of the Decadence"; on the right the place of honour is given to Meissonier's "Solferino," and around are hung works by Henner, Jules Breton, Corot, Hébert, Carolus Duran, Cabanel, Bouguereau, Gérôme, Courbet, Ziem, Ribot, Laurens, and Duez. Turning to the left we find four large salons, where Courbet, Bachen, Lepage, Benjamin Constant, and Gustave Moreau reign supreme. Then follow six smaller rooms, of which the two last are devoted to drawings, pastels, and water colours. In these smaller rooms the visitor will find many new works by Laurens, Lhermitte, Cazin, Viollet Le Duc, Bashkirkeff, Madame De Rothschild, Nozal, Eva Gonzalés, &c. The great charm of the new Luxembourg Museum is that it is admirably lighted, roomy, constructed for the exhibition of pictures, and that every picture is well placed, and isolated by a certain space of red wall from the pictures hung around it.

On April 24 Madame Sarah Bernhardt will begin a short series of performances in London before starting on a year's tour in America, from which, let us hope, she will return safe and sound, and laden with dollars. Last night, at the Porte Saint-Martin, she appeared in a revival of "Fédora," which she will play here for a fortnight. Her acting last night was admirable, and, after her recent failures in "Marion Delorme" and "Hamlet," the Parisians were most agreeably surprised to find that the Sarah of four years ago was not a mere souvenir but still a triumphant reality. It is a long time since Sarah has received such enthusiastic and unanimous applause in Paris, and it is certainly a most pleasant task for the critic to record the fact. On this occasion Madame Sarah wore some of the wonderful toilets which she has had made for her American journey. Following the fashion of the day, one of these dresses is a harmony in yellow and amethyst. The skirt and corsage are of buttercup yellow satin. The skirt is embroidered with trailing moss-roses and pearls. A drapery of tulle, embroidered with gold and silver arabesques, passes over half the corsage crosswise *en boudrier*, and forms paniers on the hips, being attached at the right shoulder with a bow of amethyst velvet. Velvet of the same colour passes under the tulle, and is continued in the lining of the train, which is embroidered like the corsage with gold and silver arabesques. This dress is of incomparable richness. Another charming interior costume is a sort of dressing-gown of mauve plush with silver reflections opening an a chemisette and tablier of plaited sky-blue crêpe; half sleeves of plush ciselée lined with pékin striped mauve and yellow; hood of plush ciselée lined with sky-blue satin; girdle and clasps of metal jewelled with precious stones.

The Universal Exhibition of 1889 is now more than a project. M. Lockroy has elaborated his plans for its organisation, and those plans were accepted and approved on Saturday by the Ministers in Council. At last! T. C.

THE CHURCH.

On Thursday week, at the Church of St. Mary, White-chapel, the Rev. Dr. Knight-Bruce was consecrated Bishop of Bloemfontein, in South Africa. The Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by several prelates of the southern province, conducted the service.

His Excellency Count Piper presented, at the Swedish Legation, last week, to the Rev. Dr. May, Curate of Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, the Order of the North Star, conferred on him by the King of Sweden, in recognition of his researches with reference to the Scandinavian Churches.

In aid of the building fund of the Church of St. Catherine, Loughborough Park, a lecture was given at Gresham Hall, Brixton, on the evening of the 26th ult., by the Rev. James Roe, the Vicar, the subject being "Curran and the Wits and Orators of the Irish Bar."

As previously mentioned, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Kinns, F.R.A.S., author of "Moses and Geology," is giving a course of Lent lectures on Wednesday evenings, at All Souls' Church, Langham-place. The subject of his lecture next Wednesday will be "Babylon, its Temples and Palaces"; and on the following week it will be on "The Historical Accuracy of the New Testament."

The governors of the Queen Anne's Bounty Corporation held their annual meeting last week for the distribution of their available revenue, in grants to meet benefactions on behalf of benefices in England and Wales of values below £200 per annum. The benefices selected for grants were seventy-six in number, and the total amount of grants promised was £19,000, to meet benefactions offered of the value of £24,903 15s.

The Bishop of Rochester was last heard from "off Yucatan." He was returning to Barbadoes.

The Rev. Frederick R. Lawson, Curate of Pershore, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor to the living of Clent, near Stourbridge, void by the resignation of the Rev. George Halls.

Mr. Albert Grey, M.P., presided, last Saturday, at a breakfast held in the Grosvenor Gallery, and attended by a number of gentlemen, including several members of Parliament, who are interested in the National Church Reform Union. He explained in detail the objects of the Union, as set forth in a recent manifesto, and said that it had been organised to bring the Church into fuller contact with the people. After some discussion, a resolution was passed approving of the manifesto.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey for April, Holy Week, and Easter are as follows:—Sunday, April 4, at ten, the Rev. D. Forrest, for the Church Missionary Society; at three, Canon Rowsell; at seven, the Rev. E. Hoskyns, Vicar of St. Clement's, North Kensington. April 11, at ten, the Rev. Gordon Calthrop, for the British Orphan Asylum; at three, Canon Rowsell; at seven, the Hon. and Rev. F. G. Pelham, Rector of Lambeth. April 18, at ten, the Rev. F. R. Harford; at three, Canon Rowsell; at seven, the Rev. Dr. Bright, Master of University College, Oxford. Preachers in Holy Week:—Monday, at three, the Rev. H. W. Hitchcock, late Vicar of St. John's, Torquay; Tuesday, the Rev. R. B. Ransford, Vicar of St. Jude's, Dulwich; Wednesday, the Rev. L. H. W. Bromfield, Vicar of St. Mary the Less, Lambeth; Thursday, the Rev. H. L. D. Bainbridge, Curate of St. John's, West; Good Friday, at ten, Canon Rowsell; at three, the Dean. Easter Day, April 25, at ten, the Dean; at three, Canon Rowsell. Easter Monday, at three, the Dean; Easter Tuesday, at three, Canon Rowsell.

MUGGER-HUNTING IN INDIA.

"Muggers," in India, are the large aquatic reptiles elsewhere called "alligators," which differ from "crocodiles" in the arrangement of their scales, their teeth, and also their feet, those of the alligator not being much webbed. In Rangoon, an extensive region of Western India, stands an ancient Rajpoot city of Ajmere, a town of magnificent architecture, close to which is a great artificial lake, the Ana-Sagar, formed by damming up the streams from the neighbouring hills, by the Maharajah Ana Deva, eight centuries ago. This lake, in the rainy season, is about six miles in circumference, and is 15 feet deep. It has recently been stocked with valuable fish by the municipality of Ajmere, under the advice of the British Government. Mr. Charles F. Gilbert, Executive Engineer of the Indian Public Works Department, being Conservator of the Fishery, found it needful to make war against the "muggers," which came in from a neighbouring sacred lake, and proved destructive to the fish in the Ana-Sagar. He has obliged us with a few sketches of the hunting, shooting, snaring, hooking, and otherwise killing or catching these obnoxious animals. A small iron canoe, 9 ft. long and 4 ft. wide, in which two men sat side by side, was used for stealthy approach to the mugger, and the rifleman aimed at his eye or the tip of his nose, just visible above the water. If wounded, the mugger would dive, and had to be brought up with the spear. The "trimmer" was a trap, formed by attaching a large triple hook, baited with a "flying fox," a species of bat, to a wooden float or buoy moored by a chain. A monster of a mugger was thus caught, and Mr. Gilbert, with his native servants, embarking together on the raft used to clear the lake of weeds, went out to secure this singular kind of game.

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PERSO-AFGHAN FRONTIER.—One of her Majesty's Consuls writes from Teheran: "It may interest you to know that while riding from Teheran to Meshed not long ago, being one day rather unwell, to my astonishment and delight, the Persian courier who

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accompanied me produced a bottle of what he called Numuki meevah, which was no less, in fact, translated, than ENO'S FRUIT SALT. The man told me that he now never travelled without a bottle.—Yours faithfully, SHEIKH JAM.—December, 1884.—To J. C. Eno, Esq."

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering for nearly two years and a half from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, and spending much money without finding any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try your Fruit Salt, and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good; and now I am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

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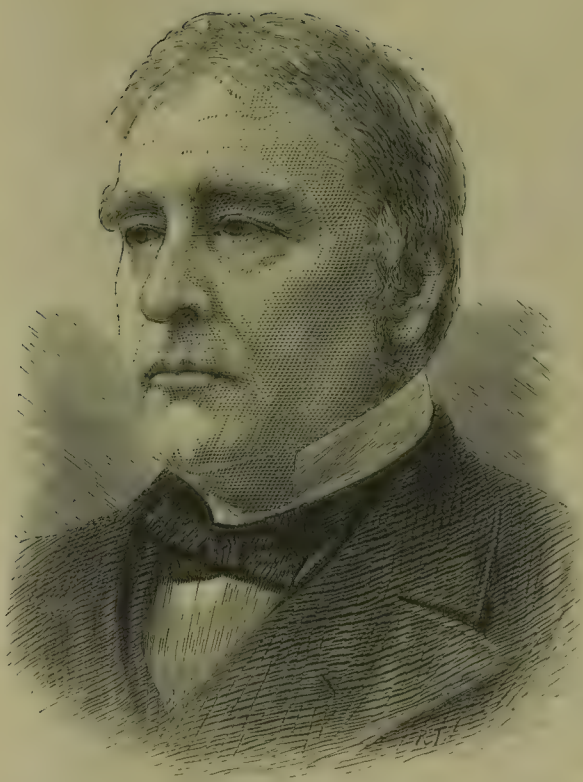
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4. The trimmer, set.

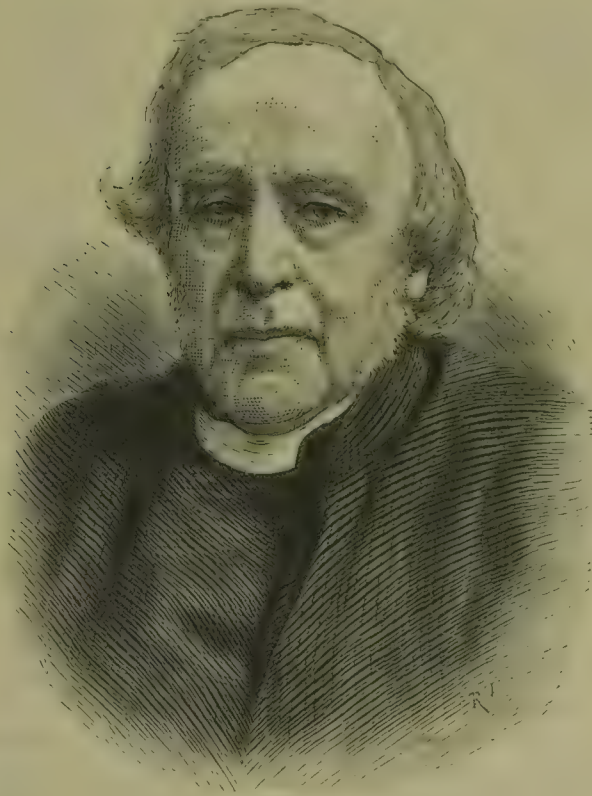
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THE LATE ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

The death, in his seventy-ninth year, of this accomplished literary scholar and esteemed clergyman, who was seven or eight years Dean of Westminster, and was Archbishop of Dublin till his resignation of that office two years ago, took place at his residence in London on Sunday last. The Most Rev. Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., was born Sept. 9, 1807, the second son of Mr. Richard Trench, Barrister-at-Law (brother of the first Lord Ashtown), by Melesina Chenevix, his wife, daughter and heiress of the Rev. Ralph Chenevix. He was educated at Harrow, and at Trinity College, Cam-

bridge, and, having taken orders, became Curate to Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, at Alverstone, Hants. In 1844 he was appointed Vicar of Itchenstone; in 1845, Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge; in 1856, Dean of Westminster; and, in 1865, Archbishop of Dublin and Chancellor of the Order of St. Patrick. In 1884, failing health caused him to resign the Prelacy. He married, June 1, 1832, his cousin, the Hon. Frances Mary Trench, sister of the second Lord Ashtown, and had a large family. Poet, scholar, and theologian, Archbishop Trench gained high reputation. Among his works are "Notes on the Miracles," "Notes on the Parables" (twelfth edition, 1874), "The Lessons in Proverbs," "The Sermon on the Mount, illustrated from St. Augustine," "Sacred Latin Poetry," "St. Augustine as an Interpreter of Scripture," "Synonyms of the New Testament," "The Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor," "An Essay on the Life and Genius of Calderon," "Deficiencies in our English Dictionaries," "Glossary of English Words used in Different Senses," a work "On the

Authorised Version of the New Testament, with Thoughts on its Revision," a useful treatise on the modern English language, entitled "The Study of Words," being the substance of some lectures delivered at Winchester to the Diocesan Training College, and "Lectures on Mediæval Church History," 1878.

Recent statistics of the Order of Jesuits show that it counts 2500 missionaries, and that it can boast of having had 248 saints, 1500 martyrs, 13 popes, 60 cardinals, 4000 archbishops and bishops, and 6000 authors.

General Leochanin.

Dr. Petrovics.

General Horvatovics.

Petrovics,
Finance Minister.

King Milan.

Garaschanin,
Prime Minister of Servia.



KING MILAN OF SERVIA SIGNING THE PEACE WITH BULGARIA IN THE KONAK AT NISLI.
FROM A SKETCH BY M. LAYOS VANDONY.

PEACE BETWEEN SERVIA AND BULGARIA.
The conclusion of the needless, fruitless, and discreditable war that King Milan of Servia waged last winter against Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, on account of the addition of Eastern Roumelia to the Bulgarian Principality, was settled in the first days of March. Our Illustration is that of King Milan signing the terms of peace at the Servian headquarters, in the "Konak" or Government House at Nish, on the frontier. His Majesty is there accompanied by M. Garaschinin, the Prime Minister, Petrovics, Minister of Finance, General Horvatovics, and others. The formal treaty of peace, to which the Turkish Imperial Government was a party, was signed on the 3rd ult. at Bucharest. Prince Alexander has issued a proclamation to the people announcing that peace has been signed between Bulgaria and Servia, and thanking his subjects of all nationalities, without distinction of religion, for the proofs they have given of their love of their country and their devotion to the throne, also for the sacrifices they have made to protect the country's honour. The Prince expresses the hope that a nation distinguished alike for its diligence and its love of order and peace will justify the confidence of the Sultan, who, giving heed to the wishes of the Bulgarian nation, has extended the frontiers of the country confided to the government of the Prince. The impression in diplomatic circles is that difficulties in the settlement of both the Bulgarian and the Greek questions are still being purposely made by Russia. The Porte and Bulgaria are

agreed, though the Prince presses for the issue of the Imperial proclamation sanctioning the union of the two provinces, and states that the uncertainty of his position gives rise to unsettled feeling in Roumelia. Negotiations are still going; Prince Alexander is willing to receive his nomination to Roumelia from the Sultan, but objects to the question being reopened every five years, with the right of veto by any Power. But Russia maintains the stipulation that the nomination of Prince Alexander as Governor-General of Roumelia should be ratified every five years, alleging that an appointment for life would constitute a violation of the Treaty of Berlin, and necessitate the assembling of a Congress to sanction the modification. The Prince on his side upholds his objection to the appointment being made subject to a fresh sanction by the Powers every five years, and would, it is declared, renounce the Governorship of Roumelia rather than submit to this condition.

Sir William Gull, M.D., one of the Physicians Extraordinary to the Queen, and one of the General Council of Medical Education and Registration, was spoken of last week in our remarks upon the Royal College of Physicians, with reference to the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new Examination Hall on the Thames Embankment. The Portrait of Sir William Gull, which was unavoidably deferred, appears in this Number of our Journal: and with it also that of the Treasurer of the Royal College of Physicians,

Dr. Dyce Duckworth, M.D. By an accidental mistake last week, the Portrait of another medical gentleman from Paris, with Dr. Dyce Duckworth's name printed beneath it. The photographs from which we copy the portraits both of Sir William Gull and of Dr. Dyce Duckworth were taken by Mr. Barraud, of 203, Oxford-street.

Last Saturday the fifteenth annual football-match, England v. Scotland, was played, at Glasgow, under Association rules, and was declared drawn, with one goal to each side.

The architect of the Medical Examination Hall, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Queen on Wednesday week, is Mr. Stephen Salter, of 28, Woburn-place, Russell-square; his name was accidentally given as "Slater."

The first performance of the "Story of Orestes" will take place at the Prince's Hall, on the evening of May 13, and that of the "Tale of Troy" on the afternoon of May 14, instead of the dates previously announced.

Mr. Edward Watts Russell announces six recitals to be given on Monday afternoons at the Westminster Townhall, the first taking place on Monday next, the 5th inst., with a varied programme.

At Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment, on Wednesday next, April 7, a new first part will be produced, entitled, "A United Pair," written by J. Comyns Carr, the music by Alfred J. Caldicott. Mr. Corney Grain's latest musical sketch, "Amateur Theatricals," will conclude the programme.

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I should much grieve, Sir! you to deceive, Sir!

But really you won't do!

You're middle age, Sir! and I'll engage, Sir!

You always want your way.

I can't agree, Sir! to wed with thee, Sir!

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I sigh, dear heart for you.

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We could not begin again, dear,

So 'tis better for us to stay!

You will have yours beside you,

We shall be lonely here,

It has never seemed like the old place

Since you were married, dear;

But so long as you are happy,

So long as your life is bright,

I can say, whatever happens,

It will sure, in the end, be right!

And you'll think sometimes of old friends

In your new home o'er the sea;

While in ev'ry pray'r we say, dear,

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To the rest of God thou'rt gone,

And why should we lament?

Would we bring thee back once more to dwell

In thy wind-tost pilgrim tent.

Ah, no! so we will dry our tears,

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THE HEIR OF THE AGES.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "THE CANON'S WARD," &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A TURN OF THE TIDE.

As the prophet, during the overturning of a pitcher, seemed to himself to have experienced the joys of seven heavens, so he might doubtless have felt during the same time (had his imagination tended the other way) the pangs of as many hells; similarly, it was not a minute since the hearing of that dreadful question, "I conclude that your wife is still alive?" and its still more dreadful answer, "Yes, Sir, she is," that Elizabeth Dart remained motionless in her chair; but within that minute were crowded such agonies of emotion as would have sufficed an ordinary soul for its earthly life-time. Then she rose, and, taking up mechanically her little hand-bag, stole, with tottering steps, down the back staircase; then passing through the servants' offices (where a cook-maid saw her, and afterwards observed that Miss Dart "looked as though she were a-walking in her sleep"), she reached the carriage drive, and passed unobserved through the lodge gates.

She was bound for Casterton, the only place in the world, save London, where she could find a friend; she would have gone to town from the railway-station at once, but that she had no money—not even so much as was necessary to pay her fare. We often glibly say that the rich have their troubles like the poor; but we forget to add that the same troubles are increased tenfold in the case of the latter through the absence of the mere means of remedy or escape: their child may be ill in both cases, but in the one case the doctor cannot be sent for, or the remedies he prescribes cannot be procured; or the home may become hateful and the scene of insult, where the poor inmate has not the wherewithal which the rich one possesses to seek another or even to leave it.

The road between Elizabeth Dart and her destination was long and hilly; but, under ordinary circumstances, it would not have tried her strength and youth very severely. But a laden heart is a heavy burthen; and even the physical difficulties that lay before her added insensibly to its weight. It would be evening, she dimly reflected, before the summit of Battle Hill would loom in sight, even supposing that she had the skill to keep the almost trackless way. How wearisome looked the steep and blinding chalk road; how desolate the treeless downs, which an hour before had reflected the brightness of her hopes!

In motion, however, especially of a fatiguing kind, our bitterest griefs, though they may not, indeed, be assuaged, for the time are stanchied, which is why some men speak of "walking-off their cares," as though it were the gout. And it was only when, at the summit of the first hill, Miss Dart sat down by the wayside for breath, that the full consciousness of her misery began to dawn on her. Curiously enough, it was not the sense of her misfortune but that of her wrongs which took the foremost place; exasperation at the injustice with which she had been treated swelled her proud heart well-nigh to bursting, and scorched the tears that would otherwise have flowed for her woes. To put as much space as possible between herself and the roof that sheltered that perfidious slaving snake, Jefferson Melburn, had been her first blind impulse; but, on reflection, if the torrent of angry thoughts that swept across her mind could be so termed, the contempt and callousness of the Squire scarcely less aroused her resentment. The passionate indignation of the deceived woman included father and son in the same condemnation; it was not "that

man" only, to think of whom raised the fever of her blood to boiling heat, but "those men." The Squire, it is true, did not know what had passed between herself and the Major; but he knew that, notwithstanding he was vowed to another, his son had made love to her; and yet he had only objected to it as a domestic scandal which might disadvantageously affect himself; nay, when persuaded that the object of this atrocious duplicity had been to further his own ends, he had actually acquiesced in it as "only a flirtation with a governess"! Great Heavens! what was this race of profligates and schemers that, to further one nefarious plan, the happiness and reputation of a friendless girl should not weigh with them a feather weight? "And my blood, too, is not ditch-water," was the reflection she would have borrowed from another's lips had she been in the humour for quotation.

However we glaze and hide the matter, our respect for those whom we conventionally term our "betters" is but the thinnest crust, which one stamp from the foot of insolent injustice destroys for ever; and, in the case of a naturally independent spirit, sets free a lava-stream of fiery hate, the existence of which, but for that unlucky rent, would never have been suspected, the contemptuous indifference which such a nature opposes to mere annoyance easily passing for submission, or even acquiescence. It is of this sort and by this means that, in unquiet times, revolutionists are manufactured. Elizabeth Dart had nothing in her composition of the petroleuse, nor could she under any circumstances have become vindictive; but her whole soul revolted against the social system which she held responsible for her wrongs. Nay, to borrow an historic phrase which well describes the sudden and yet permanent change which had taken place in her character, "it was not a revolt, it was a revolution."

In the tumult of her mind, and the wide sweep of its indignation, Mrs. Melburn herself did not escape reproach; if that lady suspected, as it was almost certain she did, that her step-son was paying his attentions to a girl beneath her roof, to whom, by all laws of hospitality, she stood in the place of a parent, was it not her plain duty to have warned her that they must of necessity be of a dishonourable nature? It was true that she had evinced displeasure at what had seemed to be the signs of familiarity or of a mutual understanding between the Major and her governess. But that was explicable enough: on selfish grounds she had objected to any alliance with her enemy. But cognisant, as she must needs be, of his being a married man, it was shameful of her not to have spoken out, and, with how-



She pictured him now saying, always, with sullen, indifferent face, "Yes, Sir; my wife is still alive."

ever rough a hand, dragged her from the precipice on which she stood. If the Squire had been callous and brutal, his wife's conduct, being a woman, was worse, and could only have been accounted for on worse grounds—namely, that having failed to secure her as a partisan, she was not displeased to see her bringing on herself a punishment the extremity of which was practically without limit. To do Elizabeth Dart justice, however, this odious accusation flashed with lurid light but for a moment across her mind, which shrank with horror from the very picture of its own devising. She felt that she had done the dying woman a wrong as grievous, though only in her thoughts, as had been inflicted on herself in practice; that either the Major's marriage must have been a secret to all but his father, or that the serious character of his attentions to herself must have escaped Mrs. Melburn's notice. As for Mary, there was still room in her bruised and embittered heart for pity for her as she thought of the pain which her sudden and unexplained departure must needs inflict upon that gentle nature. To what would she attribute this abrupt desertion of her in that day of distress, and perhaps of need? What would she do when she found that she had fled?

There was a sound of wheels upon the hill behind her. Was it possible that, having discovered her flight, and the direction it had taken, she was coming after her to induce her to return? Or could it be that man himself, unconscious of the revelation of his baseness! Her heart stood still within her at the thought. How hateful had that smiling face, those gracious and confiding tones, the very form whose strength and symmetry had once charmed her eyes, become! She pictured him now saying, always, with sullen, indifferent face, "Yes, Sir; my wife is still alive."

As the vehicle came in sight, she recognised, with great relief, the fly in which she had come from Casterton, and which, after the horses had rested and been refreshed at the inn, was doubtless returning thither. In this little matter, at least, Fortune, which owed her so much of reparation, had favoured her.

The driver's momentary astonishment at her request to be taken back to the Look-out, was quenched at once in the satisfaction of pocketing a return-fare, and she took her seat unquestioned. A mile further on they met the cart containing the luggage of herself and Mary; and while what belonged to her was being transferred from it to her own vehicle, she took the opportunity of writing a few pencilled lines—in French, to escape Downshire eyes—to Mary:

"In consequence of a conversation, to which I was an unwilling listener, between your father and Major Melburn this afternoon, there is no course open to me but to leave Burrow Hall. Forgive the uneasiness that my departure must needs have caused you, and the inconvenience which I fear will ensue from it; and under all circumstances be assured of my affection. I will write to you from London."

This explanation, bald and curt as it looked, she felt would be sufficient, and, at the same time, inflict no unnecessary pain. It would be taken for granted by the two ladies that the Squire's resolution to give her "her congé that very day"—to the utterance of which he would be obliged to confess—had been anticipated by her own act; while the Major himself would be at no loss to understand the true reason of her departure—namely, the revelation of his treachery and falsehood from his own lips.

What his plan had been—if his recklessness and passion had admitted of a plan—it was difficult to say. The subject was one which his proposed victim naturally shrank from speculating upon; but he had probably intended to follow her to London, where, having ingratiated himself—an easy task—more and more into her confidence and affections, he would presently have imposed upon her by a mock marriage.



DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

"Enough, enough," exclaimed Miss Dart, falling on the widow's neck, and mingling her tears with hers.

Humiliating as were the moral aspects of the case, they were hardly less so than those of her financial condition. The very money that was owing to her for her salary, and on which alone she could look for subsistence for the present, seemed to her less like honest earnings than the wages of shame. The idea of accepting a similar post to that which she had filled at Burrow Hall had become abhorrent to her; to live on the scanty means of Aunt Jane, even for a day, was not to be thought of; and nothing, therefore, remained to her but to seek for a situation in some seminary, such as she had filled before, and had left with such a sense of enfranchisement. How she had beaten her wings against the bars, and pined for open air; and now, having tasted of it—only at Casterton, however; for that which she had breathed under the same roof with Jefferson Melburn seemed now more choke-damp and miasma—she must needs go back to prison, perhaps for the remainder of her days! And she was not yet five-and-twenty!

Her aspirations, too, which had hitherto supported her in all her troubles—nay, the inspiration, as it had almost seemed, which now and again had taken possession of her soul—had vanished. It could not be said that Mr. Argand's letter had flattered it into existence, for it had dwelt within her, in some dim shape, as long as she could remember; but his encouragement had given it form and lent it wings. Though the paper she had written for the *Millennium* had fallen far short of what she had expected of herself—for who of us who think at all are satisfied with the expression of our thoughts—she had secretly believed it to possess merit far above the common. The flattering unctious which the neophyte in literature can in most cases apply to the wound of disappointment as regards "style" or "appropriateness to our columns," was denied to her. It was not her first nor her twentieth production: the composition had been as good as she could make it, while, though it was true she had read no such similar mingling of description and reflection in the pages of the *Millennium*, the very specialty of the review was its originality and freedom from convention. The failure of her contribution must therefore have arisen from want of merit. What to anyone experienced in such matters was significant of her utter depression was that she did not for a moment question Mr. Argand's judgment in the matter, far less did she dream of imputing a want of kindness to his silence. He evidently thought that his first impression of her powers had been a false one, and that to give her any further encouragement would be an act of cruelty. Mrs. Meyrick would give her lodgment for the night, no doubt, and her fixed intention upon finding herself in her own room was to destroy every manuscript she possessed, and put an end once for all to her false hopes in that direction, as her false hopes in another had been done to death by a more cruel but not more relentless hand. For the rest of her natural life she must make up her mind to be a drudge; a fate accepted with resignation by tens of thousands—but who, for the most part, alas! were born for the cart shafts, and had no yearning for cleaving the Elysian with sunlit wings.

The shades of evening began to fall when Miss Dart once more found herself looking down on the little town; it seemed more grey and gloomy than she had ever seen it, but upon the summit of Battle Hill still lingered, golden, the last rays of day.

When the door of the Look-out was opened to her, she saw Mrs. Meyrick standing with anxious face behind the little maid: the unaccustomed sound of wheels stopping at her door had doubtless alarmed her.

She took the new comer's hand in silence and led her into a little room at the back of the house, now unused except at preserving seasons, but in which her husband had once kept a lathe, and used as a workshop. "What, in Heaven's name, has happened?" she inquired, in a trembling voice.

"Nothing—at least nothing to anyone of consequence," was the bitter rejoinder. Its sarcasm was lost upon the widow, whose mind was not one of those exceptional ones which are fitted up for the reception of two ideas at the same time.

"My sister-in-law is no worse, then?" she replied, with relief in her tones.

"I believe not; but I have not seen her. I was obliged to come away at once."

"But why?—oh, why?"

"To prevent being sent away; just as any other servant anticipates dismissal by giving warning."

"Sent away? I am quite sure you ought never to have been sent away," exclaimed the kind old lady, indignantly. "There must have been some plot against you, and Jefferson was at the bottom of it."

At that name Miss Dart, hitherto as firm and cold as iron, began to tremble. "Sit you down, girl," continued the widow, authoritatively, "and drink this."

She had opened a cupboard, and taking out a square bottle, the contents of which were solid as well as liquid, had rapidly filled from it a small glass. "The cherries have no stones in them, and will not hurt you even if you do swallow them; the brandy is thirty years old."

It is doubtful whether this eulogy would have had much effect but for the appealing look with which it was accompanied. To please her hostess, Miss Dart took a sip from the glass, and at once experienced a sense of restoration. She had passed the whole day without food, for she had had no appetite for breakfast, and the emotions she had undergone had exhausted her.

"Thank you," she murmured, gratefully. "I feel better now. You have just mentioned a certain person's name. Be so good as to tell me"—

"Not one word will I speak about him, or anybody else, till you have finished the glass."

There are some things, such as the administration of cordials, in which the weak become the stronger. Miss Dart obeyed.

"Now eat a biscuit."

This mandate was more difficult of accomplishment. Who of us is so fortunate as not to have known moments when the staff of life is literally broken, and the gorge rises at a crumb.

"If you wish to ask me any questions about Major Melburn, I am ready to answer them," resumed Mrs. Meyrick, with an air of resignation; "it is an unpleasant subject to me, as you may have guessed; but if it is absolutely necessary"—

"I wish to ask only one thing," interrupted Miss Dart. "Did you know that he was married?"

"Certainly not."

"You would have known it, I suppose, if Mrs. Melburn knew it?"

"Without doubt I should have known it. My sister-in-law and I have no secrets from each other as respects that person."

"Yet it does not seem to surprise you to hear what I have just said."

"Not at all. Nothing that I could hear said of my brother's son would surprise me—my poor dear girl."

Her first words were wrung from an indignant woman denouncing, unwillingly, her own flesh and blood; her last, were the expression of tenderest sympathy with the misfortune of one she loved. Miss Dart had suddenly burst into tears, and covered her face with her hands. Mrs. Meyrick made no effort to restrain her companion's grief. Like a doctor slow to diagnose the disease of his patient, but who, having once

discovered it, is at no loss how to treat it, she remained quiet and collected, save that her own eyes were wet with tears.

"I had no idea how things were with you, my darling," she said, presently; "or I would have spoken long ago. You are doubtless asking yourself 'Why did not Mrs. Melburn, who was in a better position than I for seeing how matters were going on, utter no note of warning?' To explain that, I must tell you what is known to none but herself and me—not even to her own daughter. Yes," she continued, as if to herself, "I owe it to Edith as well as to you, though the confidence is a painful one. Long years ago, when you were a little child, and it could never have been guessed how such a matter could have affected you, my sister-in-law, then a young and very pretty girl, met Jefferson Melburn at a ball. It was in some garrison town where his regiment was quartered, and their acquaintanceship was of the slightest; nevertheless, I believe, he proposed to her and was rejected. The affair—or at least that was how it was represented to me—was of so transient a nature that it made hardly any impression on her. When Mr. Melburn, the elder, offered himself, the recollection of what had happened gave her some embarrassment; but Jefferson was at that time in India, and not expected home for years; he had had, moreover, a quarrel with the Squire, and it was generally understood that he would never come to Burrow Hall; and, as you know, she became Mrs. Melburn. Then, matters turned out quite differently—and as generally happens, much worse. Jefferson came to England on sick-leave; his quarrel with his father was made up—though they will never be friends—by some arrangement about the entail on the estate; and Jefferson came home. My sister-in-law had never liked him, and his former liking for her had now changed to detestation. Outwardly, he maintained a cold and deferential respect for her, but he has never lost an opportunity of doing her a mischief, or of fomenting the unhappy differences that arose between her husband and herself. Revengeful and utterly unscrupulous as she knew him to be, figure to yourself what life must have been to her for the last twenty years, at the mercy of this man's slanderous tongue! When I hear people talk so glibly of the wrath to come, as of something new and strange, can they know, I wonder, that in this world already there are poor souls, not altogether wicked ones, who have found their Gehenna!" She paused a moment, overcome with emotion, and transfused in her companion's eyes from the common-place, kind creature she had hitherto known to something almost heroic in her divine compassion. "Judge then, dear Lizzie, what it is possible for this unhappy woman, even if she knew what—as I guess—was taking place between you and this man, that she could have spoken out against him? On the other hand, had she known that he was married, I do believe that no personal considerations"—

"Enough, enough," exclaimed Miss Dart, falling on the widow's neck, and mingling her tears with hers; "forgive me, that, in my selfish folly, supposing myself to be the most miserable woman in the world, instead of being merely the most blind and foolish, I have caused you so much distress and pain. Your confidence, be assured, is not misplaced; and as for mine, what ever is worth your hearing of my wretched story shall be told at once." Then, in few words, she told her all that had happened, concealing nothing of the worship she had paid to her idol, with its feet—nay, with its whole being—of worthless clay; and concluding with a statement of her own poor position and barren prospects.

"Well, well," said her kind hostess, encouragingly, when she had quite done, "you must come and live with us till you see your way to placing yourself in comfortable quarters. As to ways and means—for I know you are the most practical young woman (outside that weakness which is common to all our sex) that ever cut out a gown or made a bonnet as well as any milliner—you must remember that your presence here is, to begin with, the saving of a doctor's bill: even during the twelve hours that you have been away, dear Matt has already begun to show signs of running down, like a clock that has lost its winder. Then, your marketing is so much better than mine or Lucy's."

"Pray, pray, don't tempt me, dear Mrs. Meyrick!" interrupted Miss Dart, in agonised tones. "I have already suffered from the pretence and shadow of love: let me not also suffer from its substance. What you so hospitably propose would, indeed, be a cruel kindness. There is nothing for me now—unless I would sink into the mire of mere despondency and despair—but work: work with my fingers, if nothing better offers—work for a few pence if not for a few pounds—but work I must have, of some kind, at once. All that I am here to ask of you is a lodging for the night and the loan of my fare to town to-morrow."

"As you please, dear Lizzie," replied the widow, "or rather, as you will, and must. I am well aware that I am quite incompetent to advise you. I must go to Matt, and break to him what has happened: it will be a bitter blow."

"Oh, Mrs. Meyrick, spare him! spare him!"

"How can I? How is it possible? Do you suppose that the sorrow of one he loves can be hidden from him? He has only to look at you."

"I should never have come here," murmured Miss Dart, bitterly. "My very presence diffuses wretchedness. Give me at least a few minutes to wash away these traces of weakness."

"You have half an hour good," said Mrs. Meyrick, looking at her watch. "He is in the pavilion, and will know nothing till dinner time of your arrival. There is a letter for you somewhere; it came by the afternoon's post. I will send it up to your room."

"A letter from Aunt Jane, no doubt," thought Miss Dart, wearily. "She little guesses that I have been to Burrow Hall, and have now left it for ever; that I am coming home to her to-morrow, to be another burden to her bowed-down back."

Ten minutes had passed, and Mrs. Meyrick was standing on the well-worn steps outside the dining-room, where the maid was laying the little table for three; she had been cudgelling her brains for what to say to Matthew that should give him the least amount of pain, and with small advantage—the winter water grows no warmer for the would-be swimmer's contemplation of it—when suddenly, from the open window overhead, a voice cried, "Do not trouble to tell Matthew, Mrs. Meyrick. I will speak to him myself."

If the good lady had been a student of the poets, like her son, it is probable that, at the sound of it, certain verses would have occurred to her descriptive of the linnet's song.

And unto one her note is gay,
And now her little ones have ranged;
And unto one her note is changed,
Because her brood is stolen away.

Ten minutes ago, the voice she heard had been heavy with woe! now, it was unmistakeably clear and bright; not cheerful merely—as a woman in despondency can make it for another's sake—but with the true bird-note of joy. She looked up and beheld a face radiant with hope—nay, with happiness. "Not one word to him of what has happened," whispered the smiling lips. "It will not now be necessary."

"But what will you tell him, my child?"

"Good news, dear Mrs. Meyrick; nothing but good news."

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

A very unpretentious-looking little volume is *Old Spookies' Pass, Malcolm's Katie, and Other Poems*: by Isabella Valency Crawford (Toronto: James Bain and Son); and at the first glance, even after the first few stanzas, one is not disposed to think that to send it so many miles, so many thousand miles indeed, for the opinion of English readers, was a happy thought either for them or for the writer. But a different conclusion is soon drawn: the first piece, notwithstanding the unpoetical, slangy diction in which (after a questionable modern fashion) it is written, shows a depth of feeling and a power of description indicative of the real poetic faculty, and the second piece causes us to feel grateful to the author for giving us the opportunity of reading what is truly a beautiful, charming little poem, abounding in noble sentiments, picturesque narration, glowing language, and pathetic touches, combined with simple, impressive dignity. If this little volume be a fair specimen of our Canadian brethren's minor muse, their higher and more ambitious efforts must be very noteworthy indeed. The most striking blemishes in this extremely promising collection are faulty versification, and grammatical or orthographical errors; but the former can be easily remedied by care and study, and the latter are no doubt due, in many instances, to mistakes of the press. Indeed, the writer expressly states that there are at least a hundred and fifty such mistakes, which have been allowed to go uncorrected from considerations of expense. These matters, the versification and the errors that may be ascribed partly to the hurry of composition in two senses, are of comparatively little importance: that which is inborn, which cannot be acquired by any training or any amount of attention and application, which belongs to those only whose birth has been watched by Melpomene with gentle smile, is the one thing needful; and that is exhibited in no small degree. That the pieces are unequal it can scarcely be necessary to state; this is always the case, and it should be sufficient for the writer's and the reader's satisfaction to know that the best are very good indeed. Such, at least, is the opinion of one who has derived much pleasure from them, and felt much admiration for them. The question whether poetry may not be considered to lose in height what it gains in breadth, to be degraded, to some extent, by the adoption of that slangy phraseology which has been mentioned, and which, though it adds to the reality, detracts from the grace and delicacy of a poem, there is here neither space nor inclination to discuss.

The sonnet is a form of poetry much in vogue in our day, and students who appreciate the special significance and virtue of this short poem will marvel at the contempt expressed for it by Dr. Johnson, Samuel Rogers, and other well-known writers. Almost every great poet in the language has made use of it, not because it is a difficult form of verse, but because, in certain moods of mind, in this way alone has it been found possible to express the poet's personal emotions. Selections from the sonnet writers have been frequent of late years, and now, in the series of *Canterbury Poets*, we have an anthology entitled *Sonnets of this Century, Edited and Arranged, with a Critical Introduction on the Sonnet*, by William Sharp (Walter Scott). In such a book, which comprises sonnets of Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Theodore Watts, and Mr. Oscar Wilde, it is needless to say there must be great variety; but perhaps variety is more prominent in the volume than quality. Wordsworth cannot be adequately represented by thirteen sonnets, or Mrs. Browning by five, the number which sufficiently represents the work of Mr. W. S. Blunt. Many sonnets are preserved here not likely to be found elsewhere, which some readers will consider an advantage, but in certain cases, where the poems are familiar, one might wish the choice had been different or more comprehensive. It is, however, inevitable that in selections of poetry the choice of an editor should not always satisfy the judgment of his critic. Mr. Sharp has written an elaborate essay on the sonnet, and here again, though we disagree sometimes in his judgment—as, for instance, in what appears to us a very exaggerated estimate of Dante Rossetti—we find much to interest. It is a pity that Mr. Sharp forgets occasionally to temper generous enthusiasm with sobriety. It is surely possible to write warmly without disregarding common-sense and maltreating the English language. He should be more careful of his metaphors and similes, and of his grammar. Moreover, there are several errors of the press calling for correction when a new edition of the little volume is published. And why should Mr. Sharp go out of his way in this essay in order to limit the range of poetry so as to exclude the poets of the eighteenth century, and their great precursor, Dryden? It shows a want of catholicity while admiring poets of the highest class to depreciate men whose poetical footing, though on lower ground, is none the less secure. Because we delight in Wordsworth and Keats, in Coleridge and Lord Tennyson, because we are held captive by the majestic utterance of the Elizabethans, are we so cabined and confined as to have no room in our hearts for the mighty line of Dryden, or for the exquisite felicities of Pope? Or is it because these men never wrote sonnets that Mr. Sharp treats them with contempt?

A considerate preface informs us what was the purpose of the anonymous writer who has poured out, with not a little melodiousness, the yearning and sadness, but not hopelessness, of a solitary heart, in *Bertha: a Story of Love* (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.); and we learn that the contents of the daintily written and daintily printed volume "are the compositions not of one disappointed in love, nor again of one whose love had been snatched away by the hand of death; but of one who knows the love still to exist, though the object is separated from him and for ever." The position, it must be acknowledged, is unusual as a poet's theme, and is even original; it is difficult also, and perhaps a little dangerous; but it is unlikely that any exception will be taken to the method of treatment. One of the pieces, addressed "to a young man," is not quite intelligible under the circumstances, though pretty enough and intelligible enough in itself; and the concluding stanza of the last piece contains a curious request to be made by one who has told us that his lady-love is "separated from him and for ever." He prays, in fact, that, as in days gone by they did, so they may do hereafter; that in spring, summer, autumn, and winter, they may sometimes sit together, and sometimes their lips may meet. He means—in fancy, no doubt: and to that there can be no hindrance, even if there be any objection. Neither sentiments nor verses are notably robust; but they are not without sweetness, passion, plaintiveness, and pretty conceit.

A party of boys from Dr. Barnardo's home at Stepney left Liverpool for Canada on Thursday week in the Allan steamship *Parisian*. Already 1700 boys and girls have been placed in situations in Ontario, chiefly with farmers.

Inquiries have been made into the antecedents of the man Brown, who threw a letter into the Royal carriage on Wednesday week, showing that he has been several times confined as a lunatic, though on examination he does not appear to be at present insane. He has been discharged.

TWO SPORTING TALES.

If Whyte Melville did not leave a successor worthy in every way to fill the place left vacant by his sad death, the charm with which he invested every subject he touched has inspired many writers with a desire to imitate, though they may not hope to rival him in the field of fiction that he made peculiarly his own. Not least among this band of devoted disciples is Mrs. Kennard, whose descriptive powers have vastly improved since her first essay in this class of literature. The latest production of her pen, *Killed in the Open*, (Chapman and Hall), is, as the title denotes, and the authoress somewhat unnecessarily informs us, "to a great extent what is commonly called a 'sporting novel'—that is, an attempt to give a graphic description of glorious runs, oxers safely negotiated, brooks gallantly charged, rides home along frosty roads, and other stirring adventures which are met with by those who pursue the 'king of sports'—fox-hunting—in the 'shire of shires.'" This preface gives the key to all that is most readable in the book, and also a very fair idea of its literary style; but does not fully indicate its scope, which includes an attempt to impart much moral teaching through a conversational medium. Several of the characters, in their more serious moments, talk a mild sort of pseudo-philosophy, that would be apt to grow monotonous, if not wearisome, in real life. The incidents are held together by the thinnest possible thread of a plot, that does not tax much the ingenuity of readers who like to speculate about the *dénouement* before they have waded through a dozen chapters. The hero, Allan Macdonald, begins life as a city clerk, whose sporting proclivities can only be gratified by occasional visits to Epsom and Ascot. He does not rob his employer's strong-room in order to bet on horse-races; but is altogether an exemplary young person, much given to didactic discourses. Coming unexpectedly into quite a considerable fortune, he determines to set up a hunting establishment in some fashionable grass country, and elects to throw in his lot with the "Crackington Hunt," therein displaying no little courage for a man who up to that time does not seem to have acquired even the rudiments of horsemanship. His first appearance with hounds is naturally marked by some eccentric performances, but beyond jumping on a valuable hound, and "cutting a voluntary," as (the authoress in her kindly defence of him is careful to say) even the best of horsemen, Liverpool winners and otherwise, have been known to do, he acquits himself marvellously well, seeing that until three or four months before he had never mounted anything more difficult to sit than the high stool of a mercantile office. With praiseworthy perseverance he triumphs over every obstacle, and improves so rapidly, that before the end of February he not only rides a steeplechase, but wins it, beating all the Crackington hard riders in a race for the coveted Ladies' Plate. From all this it will be seen that Mr. Allan Macdonald is something of a prodigy, to whose perfection the shortcomings of Lord Blaston are an effective foil. That nobleman, who puts in an appearance at luncheon, "like a vulture attracted by the sight of food," addresses his fiancée in public as "old girl"; or, by way of pleasant variety, as "old lady," and, in the course of more private conversation, tells her to "hold her tongue," from which we gather that manners, even in the "shire of shires," are not all they should be. The authoress herself occasionally catches the contagion, and lapses into a style of diction not commendable. In spite of these blemishes, however, "*Killed in the Open*" is a book that cannot fail to excite interest. Its tone is thoroughly healthy; some of the characters are drawn with skill; hunting incidents are described with a quiet force, fidelity, and fervour that cannot fail to stir the pulses of a sportsman; and from beginning to end there is not a trace of the suggestiveness in which some modern novelists unfortunately delight. The book is that of a true-hearted woman, who writes for the pure-minded, and is not ashamed to say so.

In *A Sporting Quixote*, by S. Laing (Chapman and Hall), the author begins by modestly warning novel-readers that they will find in this work neither ingenious plot, stirring incidents, nor sensational characters. He is even doubtful whether it deserves the name of a novel at all, and that doubt most people will be inclined to share. "*Don Quixote*" and "*Sartor Resartus*" are the models which this book professes to follow; but it resembles neither very strongly, save in its eccentric departure from the ordinary grooves of fiction. The title is not happily chosen, for there is comparatively little of sport, and still less of Quixotic adventure, in the narrative, which one is at first tempted to believe must have been written solely with the object of airing its author's ideas on a variety of topics, from a serious disquisition on the folly of artificial adornment to more or less profound speculations on the Darwinian theory of evolution. Several chapters, it is true, are devoted ostensibly to such field-sports as grouse and black-cock shooting, salmon-fishing, deer-stalking, fox-hunting, steeplechasing, and flat-racing—about most of which the author discourses pleasantly, and with evident knowledge. But these subjects are somewhat obscured by a mass of clever, if not brilliantly original, comments on feminine fashions, colour in costume, the Highland Crofter question, Parliamentary and platform oratory, woman's rights, Wagnerian music, modern painting, social democracy, dancing as an indication of national character, and the Irish problem. Just as one is beginning to be interested in an admirable description of a fox-hunting run, and to feel the glorious excitement of an imaginary participation in its thrilling incidents, it is a little disconcerting to be borne away suddenly in a flight of vague speculations that begin with a hen gobbling up ants and end in the transmigration of souls. At times, however, the author displays conspicuous powers of graphic and sustained description. Many characters, male and female, are hit off with a touch that is light, quaint, and true to nature. There is quite an idyllic charm about the meeting of the hero and heroine when he is stunned and crushed by a bad fall, and she turns back in the middle of a grand fox-hunting run to play the part of guardian angel. In the simplicity of its plot "*A Sporting Quixote*" bears a close resemblance to Mrs. Kennard's "*Killed in the Open*." The two books, indeed, are so curiously similar in some points that, had they not appeared almost simultaneously, a charge of plagiarism would inevitably have been brought against one author or the other. Both heroes begin as "muffs," whose mistakes excite the mirth of more practised sportsmen; both perform feats of reckless daring after two or three days with hounds; and both succeed in holding their own against the hardest riders before the end of the first season. "*A Sporting Quixote*," however, has certain merits of style to which the other makes no pretension, and its most profoundly thoughtful passages are never dull or prosaic. There are in its pages occasional gleams of genuine humour, and, above all, a good deal of human nature. It is emphatically not a novel, but it is vastly more entertaining than nineteen out of every twenty productions for which that title is claimed.

Mr. W. M. Ramsay, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, has been appointed Professor of Humanity in the University of Aberdeen.

CHESS.

ETH (Trowbridge).—There is no better practice for a country amateur than playing over and carefully studying the published games of the best players. Solving problems is also good practice. By the exercise the student acquires insight of position and readiness of resource. Keep to the study of the book we recommended at present. Wider reading you can have afterwards.

J S D (Worthing).—You shall have a report on your problem next week.

W IT (Ipswich).—Your solution agreed with the author's; but then your form is something above the "two checks and a checkmate" pattern.

J A S (Temple).—There is no chess club in connection with the London University. If you wish to join the team now being formed, Mr. George Adamson, Hon. Sec. of the City of London Chess Club, will, we doubt not, give you the information you require.

T L (Tunbridge Wells).—We believe the players intend to publish the games in the match for the Championship.

J W S (Bicester).—No. 2190 cannot be solved by 1. Q to Kt 5th, &c.

C E P (Eccleston-square).—It is acknowledged below.

PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from W Biddle, J G G, and John C Bremner.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2174, 2175, 2177, and 2178 received from John J. Milner (Christchurch, New Zealand); of Nos. 2180 and 2182 from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of No. 2187 from An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.) and F C Sibbald; of No. 2188 from F E Gibbins (Tiflis), Thomas Chown, A S (the Hague), Rev. John Willis (Barnstable, U.S.A.), John B Entwistle, Henry Taylor, C E P, An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), and Oliver Icinga; of No. 2190 from Emilio Frau, Emmo (Darlington), Acme, M A Nicholson, T G (Ware), M H Moorhouse, E L G, Alpha, P R Gibbs, E J Gibbs, C B P, F E Reed, E M, William Monk (Copenhagen), R S Sumner, and Laura Greaves (Shelton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2191 received from G Atchinson, E Loudon, A C Campbell, Bernard Green, Robert H Mitchell, H Reeve, Edgar, P Hill, H Wardell, Hermit, N S Harris, Eliza Daburn, E Elsbury, W E Stephenson, C Oswald, C A Swath, R L Southwell, F M D (Shigo), H Lucas, Emilio Frau, G W Law, J R M Anderson, Jupiter Junior, A Bruin, W Hillier, Hereward, Little Bits, Commander W L Martin (D.C.), J A Schumcke, E Wund, Jack, Nerina, Otto Fulder (Ghent), Edward Bycroft, J D M W J Parr, G F Burroughs, W Heathcote, J Hall, E L G, Columbus, Oliver Icinga, Armytage Bakewell, John D Cubitt, L Falcon (Antwerp), F E Reed, W B Smith, H Pace, J A Symmons, Henry Taylor, W D Haliburton Bell, Thomas Chown, R E D, James Copeland, Frank H Rollison, J R Bower, Jun., F Marshall, Reynoldstone, Edmund Field, W Vernon Arnold, Nerina, M A Nicholson, Isabella E Osmond, W P Welch, John B Entwistle, Tamar, Hotel de France (Arcachon), Charles Brown, W Budd, John C Bremner, J K (South Hampstead), Chloe, P R Gibbs, E J Gibbs, Jun., W J Parr, F G Clander, Carlisle W Wood, John Cornish, L Desanges, E J Winter Wood, Dabbishill, R H Brooks, W L Salisbury, Henry Sweet, 1st C P A V (Dover), J Bentley (Belfast), Dr. Goldsmith (Worthing), J Coonan (Dublin), W Biddle, A G T, Charles M Osmond, Julia Short, Rev. Winfield Cooper, and Phenomenon.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

WHITE. BLACK. No. 2185. 1. Kt to K 3rd K to K 7th 2. Q to Kt 2nd (ch) K moves 3. Q or R mates. If Black play 1. P to K B 6th, White continues with 2. Q to Kt 2nd, and 3. mates with Q or R; if 1. P to Q B 6th, then 2. Q takes Q P (ch), and 3. Q or R mates; if 1. Q P takes Kt, then 2. P takes P, and 3. mates with Q or R; if 1. B P takes Kt, then 2. P takes P, and mates as before.

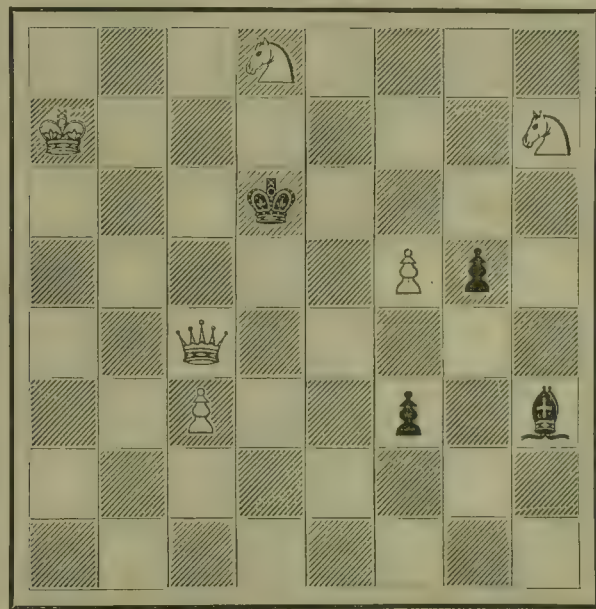
WHITE. BLACK. No. 2186. 1. K to Q 3rd B takes Kt (ch) 2. B takes B K moves 3. R to Q Kt 7th. Mate. If Black play 1. R takes B, White continues with 2. R to K 5th (ch), &c.

WHITE. BLACK. No. 2187. 1. Kt to Kt 3rd K to B 7th 2. B to B 4th Any move 3. Mates accordingly. If Black play 1. B to Kt 7th, White continues with 2. Kt to B 5th (ch); if 1. P to B 7th, then 2. Q to K 2nd (ch), mating in each case on the third move.

PROBLEM No. 2193.

By DR. E. MULLER (Darlington).

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Two games have been played in this match since our last report, and both have been won by Herr Steinitz, the score now standing—Herr Steinitz, 3; Dr. Zukertort, 5; drawn, 5. Dr. Zukertort, we regret to say, has suffered from insomnia since his arrival in New Orleans, and, after playing the nineteenth game, was taken seriously ill; and further play in the match has been deferred, awaiting his recovery. In any case, he cannot now win the match; because, according to the terms on which it is played, should both players at any time attain the score of nine, the match must be declared drawn. We give, below, the fourteenth game, with notes by Captain Mackenzie:—

FOURTEENTH GAME.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Herr S.) BLACK (Dr. Z.) 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd 3. B to Kt 5th Kt to K B 3rd 4. Castles Kt takes P 5. R to K sq Kt to Q 3rd 6. Kt takes P B to K 2nd 7. B to Q 3rd Castles 8. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt takes Kt 9. R takes Kt P to Q B 3rd 10. P to Q Kt 3rd Kt to K sq

With the exception of the transposition of one or two moves, both players have conducted the opening very much on the same plan as in the sixth and eighth games of the match.

11. B to Kt 2nd P to Q 4th 12. Q to B 3rd B to B 3rd 13. R to K 2nd Kt to B 2nd 14. B to R 3rd

This looks like loss of time, as it merely drives the adverse Rook to where he would probably have been moved in any event.

15. Q R to K sq R to K sq

White's development is now complete, but the adverse forces are so well disposed for defensive purposes that the prospects of a successful attack are not promising. The game, even at this early stage, looks as if it would end in a draw.

16. P to Q Kt 3rd Kt to K 3rd 17. Kt to R 5th Kt takes Kt 18. R takes R (ch) B takes R 19. B takes Kt P to Q Kt 3rd

The Doctor here gains a move, which may possibly have been the reason why he did not object to White playing his Kt to Q B 3th on the seventeenth move:

20. B to R 3rd B to Q 2nd 21. Q to Kt 3rd P to Q B 4th 22. P to Q B 3rd B to K 3rd

23. B to Kt 2nd The Bishop has not played a formidable part in White's plan of attack, and the subsequent proceedings—at all events, up to move 41—interest him no more.

24. B to B 2nd Q to Q 2nd 25. P to K R 3rd R to K sq

It was necessary to make an outlet for the King, because Black threatened 25. B to K B 4th, winning a piece.

26. P to Q 4th P to Q Kt 4th 27. P takes P P takes P 28. P takes P R to Q B sq

The possession of the open file gives Black the better position, but the advantage is too slight to enable him to win.

29. B to Q 3rd B to K B 4th 30. Q to Kt 4th Q takes B

One would infer, from the slacidity with which the champions exchange the pieces whenever an opportunity offers, that a draw was the highest object of their ambition.

31. P takes Q Q takes Q 32. R to K 2nd P to Kt 5th 33. P to Kt Kt 3rd P to Q Kt 4th 34. K to B sq P to R 5th

Black succeeds in breaking through on this wing, but in so doing, only hastens the inevitable draw.

35. P takes P R to R sq 36. R to K sq R takes P 37. R to R sq K to B sq 38. K to K 2nd K to K 2nd 39. K to Q 3rd R to R 3rd 40. P to Q Kt 3rd P takes P 41. R takes P It takes R 42. B takes R (ch) K to Q 2nd 43. B to B 8th K to K sq 44. B to Q 6th P to Kt 3rd 45. B to K 5th B to Q sq 46. B to Kt 7th P to R 4th 47. P takes P P takes P

Abandoned as drawn.

One of Eight Games played by Mr. BLACKBURN, simultaneously and sans voir, at the Putney Chess Club, on Feb. 25 last.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Amateur).	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Amateur).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. B to Kt 4th	Q to Kt 7th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. Kt to Q Kt sq	P takes R P
3. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	14. Q to Q 8th (ch)	

A counter-attack, which leads to a knight.

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Amateur).
4. B to Kt 5th	P to K B 3rd
5. Q takes P	Q takes P
6. Kt to Q 4th	Q to Q 4th
7. P to Q B 4th	B to Kt 5th (ch)
8. Kt to Q B 3rd	B takes Kt (ch)
9. P takes P	Q takes K P
10. Kt takes Kt	Q takes P (ch)
11. B to Q 2nd	Q to R 8th

White, having shut up the adverse Queen, can now do as he pleases.

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Amateur).
14. K to B 2nd	
15. Kt to K 5th (ch)	P takes Kt
16. B to K 8th (ch)	K to K 3rd
17. Q to Q 5th (ch)	K to B 4th
18. P to Kt 4th (ch)	

and Black resigned.

We are indebted to Mr. Arthur Smith, the hon. sec. of the Brighton Chess Club, for a few notes of coming chess events in Sussex. A return match between Brighton and the rest of Sussex will be played on April 10 next, Brighton sending teams to the several towns in the county. Over sixty players are expected to take part in this contest. On May 5 next a return match between Sussex and Surrey will be played at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, and a champion tourney for lady members of the Sussex Chess Association is being arranged for an early date. In the correspondence match between the Sussex and the Irish Chess Association now in progress, three games have been finished. Mr. Lulietto and Mrs. Arthur Smith have each scored a game for Sussex, and Mr. John Morphy has scored one for Ireland.

A TRIP TO COREA.

The peninsula of Corea, a remote part of Eastern Asia, projecting southward between North China and the islands of Japan, is yet imperfectly known. Its population, reckoned at eight or nine millions, are a distinct branch of the Mongol race, and its despotic government and peculiar institutions are very adverse to foreign communications. A correspondent, Mr. Arthur H. Heath, who visited Corea in the year before last, sends us a few Sketches, with the following account of his experiences there:—

"We left Shanghai in the screw-steamer Ashington, Captain Hepworth, R.N.R., on Sept. 28, bound for Chemulpo, on the coast of Corea. It is a picturesque little seaside settlement, surrounded by hills. The "bund" is a rough stone path round the rocks from where the jetty is, to the end of the frontage of the settlement. Several of the houses and stores are occupied by Japanese; just at the back are the consulates, on the top of the hills. We went to a fairly comfortable hotel, kept by a German, where we spent the first night. Three of us, on ponies, attended by Mafoos on foot, started next morning for Seoul, the chief town. We found the country very pretty, with fine views from the hilltops. On all sides were wild flowers in profusion. After some hours' riding, we arrived at a Korean inn, and refreshed ourselves, while the Mafoos gave the ponies their chow of boiled beans. We pushed on again, the road being up and down hill nearly the whole way. At the half-way house, fifteen miles from Chemulpo, the Mafoos made themselves comfortable for an hour. They refused to go further without more money: as they were going the whole way for a half-dollar each, we did not think much of such a demand. They receive their money in cash (say, in their money, about 1500 to the dollar), which would fill very large pockets in a very short time.

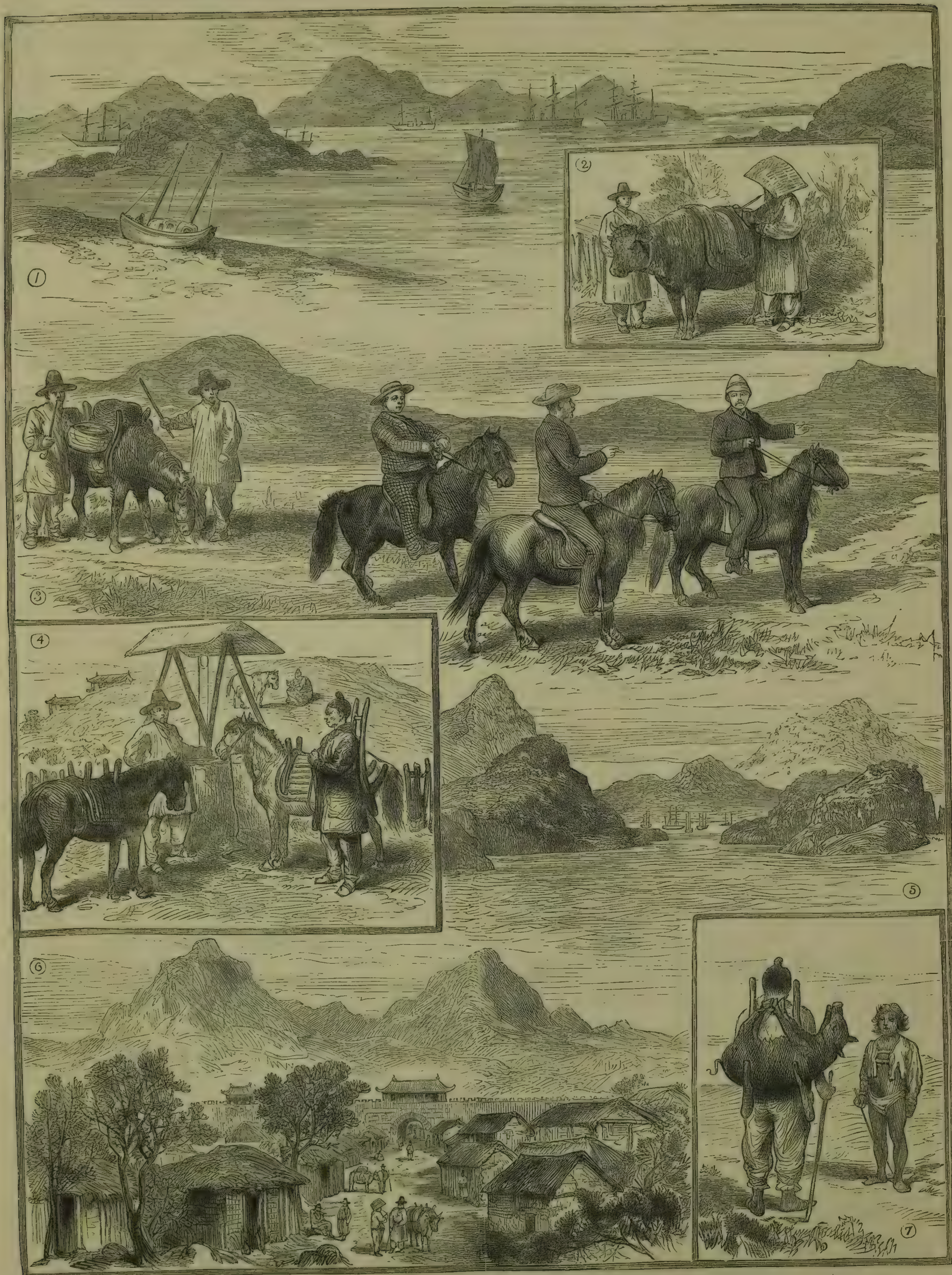
"The next point of interest was the river, the bed of which once extended three miles across, but now only two streams and the main river run through it. The streams we forded, and crossed the river in a large ferry-boat, in which we found twenty-five Coreans, a bullock, and a man with a pig on his back. These, with ourselves, our ponies and Mafoos, made a good cargo; but we soon got across, and were once more on the road to Seoul. The only Korean word we knew was the name of our destination, "Pack-Ton," and we kept on repeating this to our Mafoos, who appeared to be going a very curious way to the city. They took us up what looked like the bed of a stream, but it led at last to one of the city gates; and not long afterwards we reached our destination. At Pack-Ton we met with kind hospitality from the Commissioner of Customs, Mr. Stripling, who found us a night's lodging.

"Next morning, after breakfast, we went round the town and made a few purchases, though there is hardly anything worth buying; and the shops are very small. In the afternoon, having had some trouble in obtaining ponies for the return journey, we bade adieu to our kind host, Mr. Hutcheson, and Mr. and Mrs. Möllendorff. We travelled back the same road, and were glad to get over the river and fords before night came on. At the first village, the Mafoos obtained a light, making the villager carry it on ahead to the next village, where we got a torch-bearer. The villagers were paid no money for this service; and if they would not turn out at once, the Mafoos made them do so by force. The last part of the journey was very tedious, and the ponies nearly gave in before we arrived at Chemulpo, which was about dawn of day.

"It was in very unsettled times that we paid this visit to the Hermit Kingdom, and the day we returned to Chemulpo we found the long-expected and notorious Prince, the "Dai Lu Ku," had just arrived in a Chinese gun-boat. The port was quite lively with British, Russian, American, Japanese, and Chinese men-of-war, which occupied the outer harbour, the inner only being suitable for vessels of small draught. It took us two more days to get out the remainder of the heavy machinery, including the large boiler for the Mint, and then we cleared for Gensan. We passed quite close to Port Hamilton, which is certainly a very fine port, and looked very pretty with the seven men-of-war we noticed lying just inside the entrance. After a pleasant trip up the coast we reached Gensan, being the first British merchant-steamers that had entered that port. It is a lovely harbour, with beautiful scenery on every side; we had some good shooting, the place being full of game. We left for Shanghai, via Nagasaki, after two days' stay."

The Company of Mercers have given £21 to the Homes for Working Girls in London.

Another of the series of windows that are being erected in Holy Trinity Church, Portsea, by Messrs. Mayer and Co., has been completed. It represents "The Adoration of the Kings."—A handsome stained-glass window, from the studio of Messrs. Warrington and Co., has been placed in Norton church, Market Drayton, as a memorial to the late Rev. F. Silver, for thirty-four years Rector of the parish.—A large and handsome memorial brass and marble tablet has recently been erected in St. Mary's Church, Reading, by the officers and men of the 1st Battalion Princess Charlotte of Wales' Royal Berkshire Regiment, to the memory of their comrades who died in Egypt between July 27, 1882, and May 10, 1883. Also to the memory of their comrades who were killed in action, died of wounds, or from disease contracted during the Eastern Sudan campaign at Souakim, 1885. The memorial, which is of Gothic design, having an ornamental Royal wreath border, with scrolls entwined, bearing the honours of the regiment, also the county arms, Royal crown, regimental badge, &c., is further ornamented by a military trophy, composed of the regimental colours draped, Soudanese shield, spear and swords, drum, guns, &c. richly carved and inlaid in the brass, which is surmounted upon a background of Rouge Royale marble. The tablet is the work of Messrs. Gaffin and Co., sculptors, of Regent-street.



1. Isle and Port of Chemulpo. 2. Natives with riding-bullock. 3. Our ride to Seoul. 4. A halt by the way. 5. Port Hamilton. 6. South Gate of the city of Seoul. 7. Korean carrying a dead pig.

A TRIP TO COREA.



UNDER CORRECTION.—DRAWN BY MISS SUTCLIFF.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 7, 1884) of the Rev. Edward Hartopp Cradock, D.D., Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford, who died on Jan 27 last, was proved on Feb. 25 by Robert Grove, the brother, Henry Salusbury Milman, and William Henry Melville, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £121,000. The testator gives all his freehold and copyhold hereditaments and premises in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk to his brother, Robert Grove; and the freehold property purchased by him in the parish of Knighton, Leicestershire, and the furniture and effects belonging to him at the Mansion House, Knighton, to the person who shall succeed him as tenant in tail of the Knighton estates under the will of his uncle, the late Sir Edmund Cradock Hartopp, Bart. There are numerous and considerable legacies to his own and his late wife's relatives, servants, and others. The residue of his property he leaves to his said brother.

The will (dated March 28, 1867), with two codicils (dated Aug. 1, 1882, and July 21, 1885), of Mr. John Nembhard Hibbert, J.P., D.L., late of Chalfont Park, Bucks, who died on Jan. 3 last, was proved on Feb. 23 by Frederick Drummond Hibbert, Leicester Hibbert, and Edmund Joseph Tippings, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £80,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and an annuity of £2000 for life, to his wife, Mrs. Jane Anne Hibbert, and she is to have the personal use for life of such of his furniture and household effects as she may select; £1000 to each of the daughters of his brother, Thomas; £3000 to his nephew Leicester Hibbert; and legacies to servants. He also leaves Chalfont Lodge, with the pleasure-grounds, to his said nephew Leicester, for life, and then to his nephew's wife, Mrs. Arethusa Hibbert, for her life. Chalfont Park, and the residue of his real estate, certain leasehold property, and a sum of £23,000, are settled on his nephew Frederick Drummond Hibbert, and he gives him, in addition, the residue of his personal estate.

The will (dated March 10, 1884), with a codicil (dated July 11, 1885), of Mr. John Field Swinburn, J.P., late of Stone Hall, Acock's Green, Worcestershire, who died on Jan. 12 last, was proved at the Worcester District Registry on Feb. 23 by Mrs. Jane Marlow Swinburn, the widow, Charles Pelham Lane, and the Rev. Horatio James Ward, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £76,000. The testator gives £1000 and his freehold residence, Stone Hall, with the furniture, plate, pictures, household effects, horses, and carriages to his wife; £40,000, upon trust, for her, for life, and then as she shall appoint; and legacies to relatives, servants, and others. As to the residue of his property, he distributes seventeen twentieths among his relatives, including his brother-in-law and sister-in-law; and the remaining three twentieths he gives to his trustees, to divide in such proportions among such of the hospitals in Birmingham or elsewhere, and such of the schools and churches in Birmingham or elsewhere connected with the Established Church as they, in their discretion, shall select as recipients.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1885) of Mr. Marmaduke Charles Salvin, late of Burn Hall, in the county of Durham, who died on Dec. 27 last, was proved at the Durham District Registry on Feb. 17 by Sir Charles Michael Wolseley, Bart., and Philip Witham, the executors, the value of the personal estate

amounting to upwards of £57,000. The testator leaves his Leamington property to his daughter Mrs. Louisa Witham, for life, and then to her eldest child; and his property in the parish of St. Oswald, in the county of Durham, to his daughter Mrs. Teresa Bell, for life, and then to her eldest son; certain furniture, plate, and books at Burn Hall are made heirlooms to go therewith; and there are a few other bequests. Various powers of appointment are exercised in favour of his daughters; and the residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his five younger children, Marmaduke Henry Salvin, Mrs. Louisa Witham, Mrs. Teresa Bell, Miss Agnes Salvin, and Mrs. Francesca Sharples.

The will (dated May 24, 1883) of Mr. Richard Gale, late of Crookley, Horndean, in the county of Southampton, who died on Jan. 16 last, has been proved by George Alexander Gale, the son, and James Goldsmith, jun., the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £36,000. The testator leaves £7000 each to his grandson, Richard Rogers Gale, and his grand-daughter, Mrs. Jeannette Eliza Goldsmith; £7000, upon trust, for his grand-daughter, Frances Emma Gale; £1000 to his great-grandson, Mortimer Gale Goldsmith; and all his real estate and the residue of the personalty to his son, George Alexander Gale.

The will (dated May 8, 1879) of Mrs. Jane Brett, formerly of No. 33, Eaton-square, but late of No. 2, Stanhope-street, Hyde Park, who died on Jan. 12 last, has been proved by Colonel Henry Brett, the husband, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £32,000. The testatrix exercises her powers of appointment over various settled trust funds in favour of her husband, her sister and her children, and other relatives.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1868), with three codicils (dated Oct. 3, 1870; July 31, 1872; and June 30, 1881), of Sir George Udney Yule, K.C.S.I., C.B., formerly of Edinburgh, but late of No. 30, Clanricarde-gardens, Bayswater, who died on Jan. 13 last, has been proved by Dame Henrietta Peach Yule, the widow, and Colonel Henry Yule, C.B., the brother, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £23,000. The testator gives to his wife his dwelling house, with the furniture, plate, and effects, and one half of the residue of his real and personal estate; the other half of the residue he leaves to his wife, for life, and then to his children.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1881), with a codicil (dated Nov. 12 following), of Mr. Edward Vernon, late of Severn Bank, Shrawley, Worcestershire, who died on Nov. 2 last, has been proved at the Worcester District Registry by Mrs. Etheldred Vernon, the widow, Edward Waldron Haywood, the nephew, and Henry Bearcroft, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator makes a few bequests, including the gift of some freehold property at Shrawley, to his nephew Harry Foley Vernon; and leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death he gives a legacy to his niece Mrs. Franklin, and one sixth of the ultimate residue of his property to, or upon trust for, each of his nephews, William Shrawley Vernon, Edward Waldron Haywood, and William Foley Vernon; his sister, Miss Theophania Vernon; the children of his late sister, Mrs. Mary Housman; and his niece, Mrs. Bearcroft.

"UNDER CORRECTION."

The young lady who stands in a demure attitude, but with a slight vestige of sauciness in her pretty face, picking a flower to pieces, while pretending to listen to a maternal lecture on proper behaviour, ought not to receive too much of our sympathy. Turning from her to the pleasant, sensible, and good-humoured countenance of the elderly matron, we feel assured that the admonition, whatever be its subject, is not unreasonable or unkindly administered. The interview being strictly private, though, in some way or other, the artist has contrived to delineate their attitudes with perfect truth, not a word of the conversation has been overheard. But every one of our feminine readers will be able to fancy some probable occasion for this little scene of gentle moral correction; and all good women "of a certain age," married or unmarried, are likely to agree that mature experience, in their own sex, has a right to speak mild words of disapproval, in certain cases, to youthful maidenhood. It is well for a girl to have a wise and tender mother, and it may prove all the better for the happiness of a future husband. Many a man, blessed with a tolerably good wife, hardly knows the amount of his domestic peace that is owing to the early watchfulness of a judicious mother-in-law, careful to check little faults that might have spoiling the felicity of wedlock. The subject of our Artist's drawing is, therefore, one of general interest, while its execution is pleasing, and it affords a study of character not unprofitable to thoughtful womanhood.

The London School Board has adopted a scheme under which economies will be effected in the legal work of the Board, to take effect in July next.

"Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes" (formerly entitled "The Upper Ten Thousand") is brimful of conveniently arranged information, in alphabetical form, referring personally to peers and their children, to baronets, privy councillors, knights and companions of British orders, members of Parliament, judges, generals, admirals, bishops, deans, archdeacons, governors of colonies, deputy-lieutenants, magistrates, Queen's counsel, sergeants-at-law, presidents and vice-presidents of learned societies, and the principal landowners of the United Kingdom.

"Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage for 1886" (the 173rd year of publication of this well-known book of reference), not appearing till March, contains later information than any similar book, sixty gentlemen upon whom some honour has been bestowed since the beginning of the year being mentioned. A valuable part of this book is that which contains biographical notices of companions of the various orders. The information respecting the junior members of the families of peers and baronets is very complete. The book is illustrated with 1400 armorial bearings. It is excellently edited by Dr. Robert H. Mair, and is issued by Messrs. Dean and Son. This firm also publish "Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench," which records the changes that took place on the formation of Mr. Gladstone's Government; and gives a mass of trustworthy information respecting recorders, colonial judges, metropolitan magistrates, and others holding judicial posts not to be found in the usual works for reference.

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The best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion, and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

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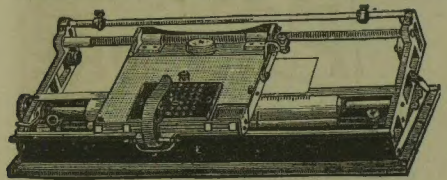
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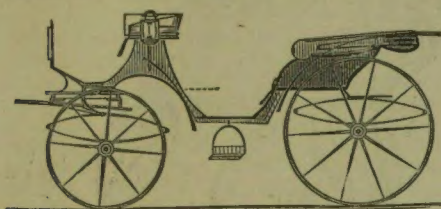
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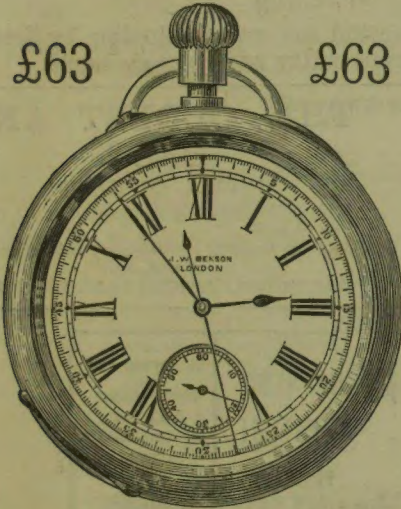


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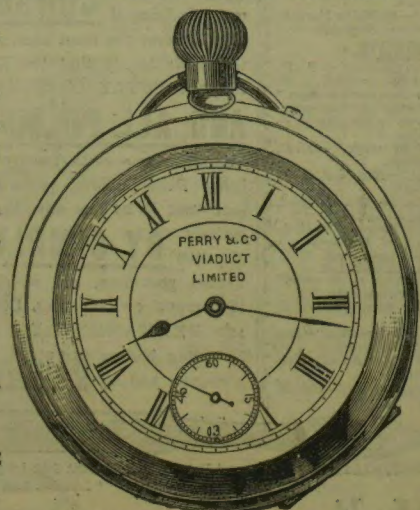
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